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WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, VALLEY FORGE.

THE WORKIZER THROPP & CONE FAMILIES

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES CONCERNING THEIR RELATIONS TO HISTORICAL EVENTS IN THE SCHUYLKILL VALLEY AND AT VALLEY FORGE

BY EDWARD PAYSON CONE

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MR. EDWARD PAYSON CONE.

INTRODUCTION

ALLEY CREEK is the name of a little tributary which the Schuylkill River receives from the south through a verdant valley about twenty miles northwest of Philadelphia. Half a mile up that creek, on its west bank, there stood, a century and a quarter ago, a smithy, where the fire sparkled and glowed at the bellows' breath, and where the swarthy workman's hammer rang out upon the sounding anvil its notes of honest industry as it fashioned the glowing plowshare or horseshoe, nail or bolt. To the countrymen round about, this workshop of their modern Vulcan was known as the Valley Forge.

Had it not been for events which occurred thereabouts of vital importance to our national life, the name "Valley Forge" would possess no more significance to the American mind than the name of Greenwood Furnace, Eagle Foundry, Blair's Mills, or any other village grown up around a similar center of industry.

But the same fundamental cause which brought hither this institution of peaceful labor in order that its great mill-wheel might be turned by the running stream—for the Forge was also a grist-mill—also brought hither in the winter of 1777 and 1778 those hardy sons of Liberty, who, though lovers of peace and the pursuits of peace, now carried the implements of war that their Liberty might be secured.

The valleys of the earth have from time immemorial been the pathways of history—the history of war and the history of

peace. The navigable streams which ran through them were the natural avenues of travel. The contours of their borders permitted of roadways with easy grades. The streams afforded power for industry and water for domestic use. The alluvial soil and abundant moisture yielded the husbandman an ample reward for his toil. The protecting hills sheltered the inhabitants from the chill blasts of winter.

And so mankind has traveled through, settled in, and made history in the valleys.

In the winter of 1777-78, this Valley of the Forge held within its sheltering arms the little army of patriots who nourished and kept alive the flickering life of American Independence. Why came they here? We have the answer from Washington's own lips.

In a vain attempt to check the British movement for the capture of Philadelphia, Washington had concentrated his army to the southward, and on September 11, 1777, made an unsuccessful stand at the Brandywine. Then followed the drawn battle at Warren's Tavern, September 16; the massacre, at Paoli, September 20, and the unsuccessful battle of Germantown, October 4. Washington retired to Skippack Creek, about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, and put his wounded in the old church at Trappe, referred to hereafter, and in other churches and public buildings. Shortly afterward he moved toward Philadelphia again, as far as Whitmarsh. Here, from the 5th to the 8th of December, he resisted capture but did little more.

What now was the American army to do? Winter was at hand. The British were in possession of the American capital and the American government a fugitive. In General Orders dated December 17, 1777, Washington declared that Independence, Liberty and Peace were blessings worth contending for at every hazard. He encouraged his army by telling them that they had strong reason to expect substantial aid from France.

" Every motive, therefore," said he, " irresistibly urges us, nay, commands us, to a firm and manly perseverance in our opposition to our cruel oppressors—to slight difficulties, to endure hardships, and continue every danger."

He then proceeded to state the motives impelling him to make his winter encampment at Valley Forge:

" The General ardently wishes it were now in his power to conduct the troops into the best winter quarters; but where are they to be found? Should we retire to the interior of the State, we should find it crowded with virtuous citizens, who, sacrificing their all, have left Philadelphia and fled hither for protection; to their distress humanity forbids us to add. This is not all. We should leave a vast extent of country to be despoiled and ravaged by the enemy, from which they would draw vast supplies, and where many of our firm friends would be exposed to all the miseries of an insulting and wanton depredation. A train of evils might be enumerated, but these will suffice. These considerations make it indispensably necessary for the army to take such a position as will enable it most effectually to prevent distress, and give the most extensive security; and in that position we must make ourselves the best shelter in our power. With alacrity and diligence, huts may be erected that will be warm and dry. In these the troops will be compact, and more secure against surprise than if divided, and at hand to protect the country. These cogent reasons have determined the General to take the post in the neighborhood of this camp, and influenced by them, he persuades himself that the officers and soldiers, with one heart and one mind, will resolve to surmount every difficulty with a fortitude and patience becoming their profession and the sacred cause in which they are engaged."

On December 19, 1777, the army went into camp at Valley Forge, and what it suffered between that date and June 19, 1778, when it started out to re-enter Philadelphia, the world knows.

Threescore years ago there stood on the historic camp-ground a quaint, old-fashioned school-house, and among the children who received their rudiments of education there were a fair-haired, blue-eyed lad of eleven years and a girl of seven. The boy with the bright and handsome face was John Thropp, and the girl was his sister Mary.

John, although a manly, active boy, and leader among his comrades in every kind of sport, loved most to talk to his little sister Mary about Washington and his army and what a great thing it was to be going over the very ground where they had camped out all through the dreadful winter of 1777 and 1778, and suffered and died to set us free. John was little Mary's oracle; she drank in his every word, and unquestioningly followed his lead everywhere; and any day the two children might be seen at noon on the Camp Ground, he in pointed paper cap, resplendent with bright-red streamers, beating a drum, and hurrahing occasionally; she in paper cap, also brilliant with scarlet ribbons, a stick over her shoulder for a gun, waving a small flag and in her childish treble mingling her voice with his hurrahing for their country. The boy personated General Washington; the little sister the Revolutionary Army.

Their father, Isaiah Thropp, was an enthusiast, and had early taught his children to love and be proud of their native land, and had often taken them over the Encampment Grounds, along the line of fortifications, to the forts, redoubts and earthworks occupied by the Revolutionary Army from December 19, 1777, to June 19, 1778. He taught them that this Encampment Ground was sacred soil, the birthplace of American Freedom; and his children, trained in the traditions of the patriots, were not unworthy of them.

It was not strange, then, that one of these children, the gentle Mary, with the rich intellectual endowment which she received, and with her inspiring childhood associations with the place, should eventually exert a powerful influence in

arousing the public appreciation of the great sacrifice of the immortal dead of Valley Forge, which resulted in the creation of a State Reservation embracing a portion of the historic camp ground.

Her ancestors were among the pioneers of the Schuylkill Valley, and their lives are interwoven with the most cherished traditions of the region. Her father, Isaiah Thropp, gave the ground for the Methodist Church at Valley Forge, and contributed generously to the erection of the house of worship. There her grandfather, John Workizer, gave the ground for the old Baptist Church at Valley Forge. Her great grandparents, Christian and Margaretta Workizer, gave for church and educational purposes the ground on which the Old Eagle School-house at Strafford Station stands. She herself once, by the use of her pen, saved from destruction the venerable Lutheran Church which stands near the modern one at Trappe.

At Howellville and Valley Forge are still standing the substantial stone houses which witnessed the vicissitudes of these families for six generations. A newspaper article published in 1901, said: "It is pathetic to think that these fine old homes, with their tender memories and historic associations, should have passed into the possession of strangers, and they who lived and loved and joyed and sorrowed there during a period of one hundred and nearly forty years will return to their old familiar haunts never again, and their accustomed places will know them no more forever."

It is for the purpose of perpetuating the memories of some of these pioneers and their descendants, and of reviving some of the inspiring traditions of this storied region, that the following very inadequate pages have been prepared by the hand of a distant but admiring kinsman.

EDWARD PAYSON CONE.*

New York, 1904.

* Mr. Cone died in the city of New York, Jannary 23, 1905.

THE WORKIZER FAMILY

COLONEL CHRISTIAN WORKIZER, the pioneer ancestor of the Workizer family in America, was a highly educated German who entered the English Army as lieutenant, at Ashaffenburg, in 1743, when George II. was fighting in Germany. He subsequently rose to the rank of colonel, and came to Canada with General Wolfe, in 1758. He was an aide-de-camp to Wolfe and participated in the latter's famous triumph at Quebec. After the capture of Quebec, Colonel Workizer retired from the British Army, and married soon after Margaretta Girardin, a daughter of Jacob Girardin. (This name is anglicized Shirardin and often spelled Sheridan, Sharraden and Sharraton.)

In 1764, Colonel Workizer, his father-in-law, and their families, together with some French and German Reformers, came from Canada to Tredyffrin township, Chester County, Pa., and settled there to have the right to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences.

Jacob Shirardin bought one hundred and fifty acres near Strafford Station, Pennsylvania Railroad, March 16, 1765, and on this tract, which he sold to Colonel Workizer March 29, 1767, is located the Old Eagle School-house property, comprising two acres, which was given to the public by Colonel Christian Workizer and his wife, Margaretta Girardin Workizer, for religious, educational and burial purposes. (See page 12 for further partculars about the Old Eagle School.)

The Lutherans of the Trappe Church, Montgomery County, held friendly and spiritual relations with this infant colony.

Colonel Workizer having sworn fealty to the British crown, as an officer, and being truly attached to his late commander, remained strictly neutral during the war of the Revolution.

BIRTHPLACE OF MRS. ANNA VIRGINIA WORKIZER THROPP,
AT HOWELLVILLE, CHESTER CO., PA.

HOME AT HOWELLVILLE, IN WHICH MRS. ANNA VIRGINIA WORKIZER THROPP SPENT HER INFANCY, OWNED BY HER FATHER, JOHN WORKIZER, UNTIL HIS DEATH, WHEN HE BEQUEATHED IT TO HIS ONLY SON, JOHN SHERIDAN WORKIZER.

Mrs. Workizer was a woman of great strength of character and resolution of purpose. During the Revolution, when the British occupied Philadelphia, she walked all the way from Howellville to her brother's home in Philadelphia and returned with medicine, stationery, etc., in her pockets underneath her dress, having successfully eluded the British sentinels at their outposts. She died February 4, 1805, and lies buried in the Old Eagle School burying ground at Strafford Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Chester County. Upon her tombstone is the following inscription in an excellent state of preservation:

IN MEMORY OF
MARGARETTA WORKIZER,
CONSORT OF CHRISTIAN WORKIZER,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE FEB. 4, 1805,
IN THE 55TH YEAR OF HER AGE.
"Verses on tombstones
Are but idly spent.
The living character
Is the monument."

Mrs. Workizer's brother, Abraham Girardin, was an extensive land owner, having bought property in and around Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Erie. Part of his Philadelphia property was called Shirardin's Bridge, or the "Floating Ferry" at Fairmount. On April 27, 1779, he was married by Rev. Henry Muhlenberg, at Pikeland, to Miss Barbara Snyder, a relative of Governor Snyder.

Colonel Workizer had six children: John, Jacob and Mary, the dates of whose births are lacking; and Margaretta, born 1782, died 1839; Elizabeth, born 1774, died August 8, 1833; Priscilla, born 1776, died July 24, 1833.

All were born at or near Howellville, the hotel of that village having been the second homestead of the Workizer family.

One of the daughters, Margaretta (reported to be a belle in her day), married George Norman, who, accompanied by his wife, two of her sisters, and some of Governor Snyder's family (their relatives), removed about 1820 to the vicinity

of Cincinnati. Mr. Norman bought 400 acres of the Little Miami bottom lands, and built thereon his family homestead, where some of Colonel Christian Workizer's descendants still reside.

General Washington, with his customary affability, had often noticed the Workizer boys (John and Jacob) when he encountered them, and John Workizer loved to recall the General as he remembered him, descanting with enthusiasm on the imposing figure and the grand face of the world's hero.

Jacob Workizer was a fine Latin and German scholar and wrote for the Philadelphia press. He died young.

John Workizer inherited Howellville from his father, but, after a short residence there, he moved to Valley Forge, Chester County, Pa., purchasing considerable land in and around the village. The house that he occupied is now the Valley Forge Inn. He was a cultivated musician, and had a fine voice. He kept a singing school at his house for the benefit of the young people of the neighborhood and taught them all gratuitously. He gave the ground for the Baptist Church at Valley Forge and helped to build it, aided by his son-in-law, Isaiah Thropp.

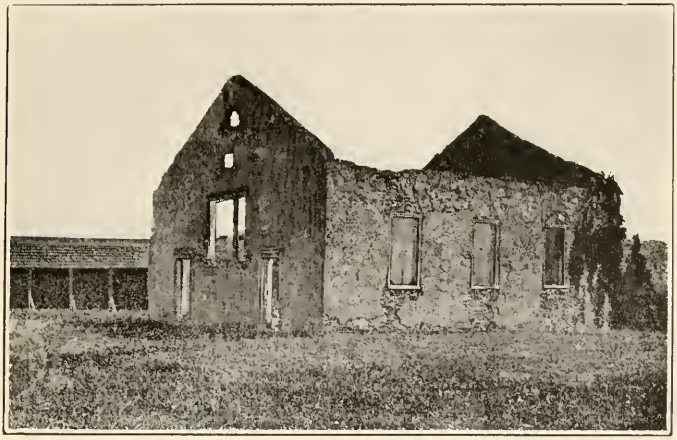
He was twice married. His first wife was Mary Turner, daughter of a prosperous farmer, whom he wedded April 20, 1800. The commodious old home of the Turner family is still standing near Spring City, Pa. Mrs. Workizer died February 10, 1811, at the age of 30 years, having been the mother of four daughters:

1. Eloisa, married Nathan Morey; their descendants reside near Spring City, Pa.

2. Matilda, married William Lewis; they had a large family of children, some of whom are now living in Philadelphia.

3. Rebecca, married Joseph E. Anderson, of Schuylkill township, Chester County. They had a large family.

4. Anna Virginia, was a young lady of remarkable beauty and intelligence. Her father educated this daughter to be his amanuensis in business, and there are many deeds, contracts, and other documents still extant, written not only for her father, but gratuitously for the neighboring farmers, in the clear, beautiful penmanship of this superior woman. It was said by one who knew her well "The memory of such a



RUINS OF THE OLD BAPTIST MEETING HOUSE,
VALLEY FORGE, PA., IN 1885.

(GROUND DONATED BY JOHN WORKIZER.)

OLD METHODIST CHURCH, VALLEY FORGE.

(GROUND DONATED BY ISAIAH THROPP.)

mother is a precious legacy to her children." She married Isaiah Thropp. (See page 16.)

John Workizer married secondly Sarah Rooke, by whom he had two more children:

5. John Shirardin.

6. Tamson Amelia, married Joseph Pennypacker, and died young, leaving one child, Uriah Galusha, who distinguished himself in the Civil War. For his bravery at Fort Fisher, he was made Major General of Volunteers. Shortly after the loss of his wife, Mr. Pennypacker went to California. After Mrs. Pennypacker's death, her property at Valley Forge was sold out of the Workizer family.

John Workizer died suddenly June 29, 1838. Excusing himself and apparently well, he left his family at the dinner table and went to his accustomed seat in the back parlor by the window, where, on a stand in front of him, lay his open Bible and hymn book, and began to sing "Life is the time to serve the Lord." He had reached the second verse when his voice faltered and broke. His daughter, Tamson Amelia, becoming alarmed, went to him immediately. He was sitting upright in his chair, but his spirit had fled.

He left the bulk of his property to his two children by his second wife. He left his valuable Howellville property to John Shirardin, who sold his inheritance and moved, with his large family of children, to the far West. To Tamson Amelia he left his estate at Valley Forge.

THE OLD EAGLE SCHOOL

JUST north of Strafford Station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, in the township of Tredyffrin, Chester County, Pa., stands a quaint and venerable-looking stone structure, one story high, with three windows on each side and a little Colonial porch, flanked by two windows on one end. High up in the wall of the southern gable end is a stone bearing the date "1788." This curious little building, which rests with such an air of peace and permanency amid a grove of old trees, is known as the Old Eagle School. But suggestive more of a church than a school is the adjacent little graveyard, in which repose the remains of pioneer settlers of that region and heroes of the Revolution. Over one of these graves stands a stone, bearing the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
MARGARETTA WORKIZER,
CONSORT OF CHRISTIAN WORKIZER,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE FEB. 4, 1805,
IN THE 55TH YEAR OF HER AGE.
"Verses on tombstones
Are but idly spent,
The living character
Is the monument."

Another monument to the memory of the Workizers is the property upon which the cemetery and Old Eagle School are located.

As stated on another page (8), Christian Workizer, a highly educated German, Colonel in the English Army and aide-de-camp to Wolfe at the capture of Quebec, and Margaretta Girardin, his wife, were pioneer settlers in Tredyffrin township, having come there from Canada in 1764, at the close of the French and Indian War. With them came also Mrs. Workizer's father, Jacob Girardin. The names Workizer and Girardin, like many other names of the period, were variously spelled. Workizer often appears as Werkheiser;

and Girardin appears as Sharraton and Sharraden, from which also comes the name Sheridan anglicized.

On March 16, 1765, Jacob Girardin bought 150 acres near what is now Strafford Station, and on March 29, 1767, sold a portion to his son-in-law, Colonel Workizer.

The Girardins and Workizers came to the colony of Pennsylvania to enjoy religious freedom, and their benevolent instincts found expression in acts of public spirit. Among such acts was the creation of a public trust by Colonel Workizer and his wife Margaretta shortly before the Revolution (about 1770) by the donation of about two acres of this land for "the general use and good of the neighborhood for religious, educational and burial purposes." Unfortunately the deed was not recorded and the original was lost, entailing a great deal of litigation in later years.

A few miles from this property, in the village of Trappe, stands the Old Trappe Church, built under German Lutheran auspices in 1734. Spiritual relations were sustained between this ancient church and the community in Tredyffrin township, resulting in the erection of a log church on the property given by the Workizers near the site of the Old Eagle School. The old log church was demolished about 1805. Close by it, in 1788, was erected the larger part of the stone building now standing, and known as the Old Eagle School. This was effected through the charitable disposition and coöperation of the neighbors, including William Siter the elder, Robert Kennedy (then landlord of the Unicorn Tavern), and John Pugh the elder, all of Radnor; Jacob and Rudolph Huzzard, of Tredyffrin; and probably Robert Grover, of Tredyffrin.

As a typical pioneer school-house of Pennsylvania, some details of its original aspect are of interest. It was a little more than half the size of the present building. The chimney gable end faced the northwest, and the entrance was through double doors in the southwest side facing the thoroughfare. The road then ran nearer the building than now. At the left of the entrance was a narrow window and at the right a wide window. Under the latter was a low entrance into the cellar, where fire-wood was stored. There were two windows in the southeast end and two in the northeast side. There were no outside shutters, and the unglazed sashes slid sideways on the inside. A long wooden bolt, slipped into place by a crooked

piece of iron, fastened the doors. The interior walls were originally devoid of plaster. The building was heated at first by the open fireplace, and later by a " ten-plate " stove. The benches, composed of rough slabs still adorned with bark and supported by wooden legs driven through auger holes, were arranged in double rows around three sides of the room. By the fireplace on the fourth side was the master's desk, with his instruments of education and correction.

Although the little log building first erected on this property was used for religious purposes, its successor appears first to have been used as a school-house—a transition which was not made without considerable objection, however. After years of use as a temple of learning, it fell into such a state of dilapidation that for a while it was closed. In 1835, however, public interest was aroused in the charity and the building was renovated and almost doubled in size by the addition of the southeastern end. At that time, the old door was walled up, and the present entrance built in the southeast end. The improvement was made largely at the expense of the Public School Board, and within twenty years the control of the building passed from the board of trustees who had managed it since the creation of the trust by the Workizers to the Public School Board.

Meanwhile, the building was used on Sundays for religious purposes. About 1845, some of the parishioners of St. David's Episcopal Church, at Radnor, who lived near Eagle Station, finding the distance to St. David's inconvenient, proposed instituting Episcopal services in the Old Eagle School House, but were met by the Baptists who claimed that they had prior rights there. The deed, which appears to have been in existence then, was produced to prove that the property was devoted to the use of all denominations, and so the Episcopalians secured a foothold. For years Episcopal services were held there, and a Sunday school was organized. But through a division of interest in the effort to raise funds for an exclusively Episcopal chapel of St. David's, and the removal of Episcopalians, the services of that denomination became poorly attended, the Sunday school waned, and the relationship with St. David's weakened.

Such was the situation when, in 1872, the Public School Board, having built a new school at Pechin's Corner, about a

quarter of a mile to the northwestward, surrendered the key of the old building to the little Union Sunday School then holding services there.

From this time on, the building had a picturesque career. In 1874, a colored man secured possession upon terms with the Sunday school people by which he was to care for the graveyard. Then followed a couple of years of litigation, resulting from an ejectment suit brought by indignant citizens. The suit was successful; the colored occupant was evicted, and the School Board persuaded to resume the custody. The loss of the old deed was a sore one to those who desired to maintain the property for the purposes named in the original trust, and led to all sorts of views and complications as to procedure and possession. In 1876 the School Board made a petition to court asking to be allowed to sell the property. In 1877 this was withdrawn and a new petition presented to a similar intent. Sixty residents remonstrated, and that petition was withdrawn. The School Board then rented the building to a well-known local character, refusing the applications for permision to re-establish a Sunday school there.

So things ran along for thirteen or fourteen years, the building falling into a deplorable state of neglect. In 1880, a new public road was laid out through the property, for which no damages were awarded, and in March, 1891, the School Board sold about twenty-three perches of the property lying west of the new road.

This last act of dismemberment was too much for an indignant public sentiment, and in June, 1891, John B. Invester, the only surviving trustee of the old régime, then in his 93d year, filed a petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Chester County, asking for the appointment of four trustees who, with himself, were to take charge of the property in accordance with the original trust " for the good of the neighborhood, for religious, educational and burial purposes." The legal fight went on for four years, stubbornly contested on both sides, step by step. At length, the friends of the trust won, and on May 6, 1895, five trustees were appointed and the spirit of the original gift by Jacob and Margaretta Workizer revived.

The trustees so appointed organized at once and appealed to the public for subscriptions to renovate the building. The entire neighborhood became united in support of the old

charity; their financial response was generous; and the venerable structure was thoroughly repaired and restored.

THE THROPP FAMILY

ISAIAH THROPP was an Englishman, having been born in Wednesbury, a suburb of Birmingham, England, July 6, 1794; he was the son of John Thropp and Sarah, sister of Sir William Wood.

At the age of twenty-two he came to America, settling at Valley Forge, Chester County, Pa. He married Anna Virginia, youngest daughter of John Workizer by his first wife. He was engaged in a store belonging to his father-in-law, which he purchased, and continued in business for fifty years in the one building. During the whole of that time he was honored and respected by all who knew him for his fair dealing, sincerity and great conscientiousness. He gave the ground for the Methodist Church at Valley Forge, and contributed liberally to the erection of the church itself.

Mr. Thropp died November 2, 1871, and was buried in the Morris Cemetery, at Phoenixville.

Some idea of the high esteem in which he was held can be formed from the following notice in the Philadelphia *Press*, on his retiring from business:

"The oldest inhabitant of Valley Forge, Isaiah Thropp, has retired from business. In this age of fast, fickle men, it is really refreshing to turn to the record of such a man as Mr. Thropp. For half a century he has kept his store at Valley Forge, the stand-by of the place, steadfast and true as his own hills. Integrity, firmness, and industry have been the weights of his character, and the crowning glory of all good men, the testimony of a clear conscience."

Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Thropp were the parents of eleven children, all born at Valley Forge:

"WAYSIDE," RESIDENCE OF ISAIAH THROPP,
VALLEY FORGE, PA.

RESIDENCE OF MRS. MARY E. THROPP CONE,
OIL CITY, PA.

1. John Wellington Thropp, died early in manhood. He was proficient in mathematics and botany. He died the 20th of September, 1856.

2. Mary E., married Andrew Cone. A biographical sketch of her is given on page 27, and of her husband on page 19.

3. Sarah Ann died in infancy and was buried in the old Eagle School graveyard.

4. Isaiah served his country as one of the courageous Pennsylvania Reserves in the War for the Union for three years, part of which time he was detailed for special service on the staff of General McCall. He was a brave soldier and now resides at Linconia, Va.

5. Anna Virginia, married Lewis S. Wells, attorney-at-law, formerly of Norristown, Pa., now of Washington, D. C. In 1901, their son, Isaiah Thropp Wells, a handsome and gifted youth, was drowned in the Potomac River under circumstances which revealed his bravery and the unselfishness of his character. Though not yet twenty-one, he was a Congressional reporter. On Memorial Day he went out for a sail on the river, accompanied by two companions. A squall came up suddenly, and their light boat was upset. The sail, in falling, struck him upon the right shoulder, breaking the bone. He urged his companions, who could not swim, to cling to the boat, and, fearing that his additional weight would sink it, he struck boldly out for the shore. He did not tell them of the accident, but insisted on their holding on to the boat till he could get assistance for them. They were saved, but just as he was nearing the shore he fainted from the pain of his disabled shoulder and sank to rise no more, thus sacrificing his life for his friends.

6. Amelia began to write in childhood. She has written extensively for the Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Southern periodicals. Although possessed of fine poetical ability, she has chosen to cultivate her gift as a writer of prose. She visited her sister, Mrs. Cone, whilst the latter resided at the Consulate at Pernambuco, Brazil, and while there wrote a series of articles entitled "Brazil Papers," which were published in a Philadelphia journal, and were extensively copied throughout the country. She has a keen sense of humor and is an easy, graceful and beautiful writer. She makes her home with her sister, Mrs. Cone, at Oil City.

7. Jennie M., married G. C. Rogers, a prominent merchant of Atlanta, Ga. Both she and her husband have passed away. They are survived by three children, George Charles, Amelia Virginia, and Jennie R. Rogers, who reside at Atlanta, Ga.

8. Charles A. was a well-known oil producer, residing near Bradford, McKean County, Pa. He died May 2, 1902.

9. Katherine R., married at an early age George Porter, who is connected with the Standard Oil Company. He is an honorable gentleman and highly esteemed by all who know him. His home is at Pittsburg, Pa. Mrs. Porter is a writer of both prose and poetry, but she generally excels in the latter. They have two daughters, Katherine Amelia and Caroline Virginia, who inherit much of their mother's literary ability.

10. Eldon L. was associated with his brother Charles in the oil business. He died March 31, 1895, at Fullerton, McKean County, Pa.

11. Joseph E. is owner of Everett Iron Furnace, at Everett, Bedford County, Pa. His wife is the eldest daughter of the late Colonel Thomas A. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Assistant Secretary of War under Stanton. Joseph E. was born at Valley Forge, where his father was the owner of a farm, store and factory. He was educated at the Grammar School of Philadelphia until thirteen years of age and then prepared for college at the Friends' Central High School, Philadelphia. Later he graduated as a civil engineer from the Pennsylvania Polytechnic College, and soon after went West and entered the service of one of the Minnesota railway companies and, though the youngest civil engineer on the line, he rapidly rose to the rank of Division Engineer. Upon the death of his mother in 1869, he moved East and entered the iron business of J. B. Moorhead & Co., in the Schuylkill Valley. Within eighteen months he was offered a position as partner in the firm by which he was employed. Three years of excessive work impaired his health and he went abroad upon his physician's advice for rest. Upon his return he was asked to be Republican candidate for State Senator and later for Congress, both of which positions he declined. A few years later he was again asked to run for Congress, but again declined. In 1882 he yielded to the persuasions of his friends and stood for the nomination from the Twentieth Pennsylvania District, being the youngest candidate before the conven-

MRS. KATHARINE R. THROPP PORTER.

tion. Although a majority of the delegates voted for him on different ballots, he did not receive a majority on any one ballot, and failed to receive the nomination by a combination of the older candidates. In 1898, however, he was nominated and elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress, and served with distinguished ability for two years from March 4, 1899. He is owner of the large blast furnaces at Everett, Bedford County, Pa., and of the coal and coke works at Kearney, together with the quarry and ore mines.

HON. ANDREW CONE

IGA TOWNSHIP, in the County of Monroe, and the State of New York, was the native place of Andrew Cone, the husband of Mary E. Thropp. There he was born on the seventh day of August, 1822. He died in 1880. Cone is said to be a contraction of the Gaelic name for Colquhoun, a Highland clan.

His father, Andrew G. Cone, was of Scottish descent, and was born in Bennington, Vermont, in 1795. He was the first and only child by his father's first marriage, and in the turn of events, as he grew to the years of manhood, had to become the main dependence of his father's family. The earlier part of his life was spent amid the sterile hills of the Green Mountains, enduring the hardships and trials of New England life. He took part as a private soldier in the war of 1812. In the spring of the year 1816, at the age of twenty-one years, in order to try to better the condition of himself and his father's family, he took his knapsack on his back and traveled on foot through the wilderness into Western New York, crossing the Genesee River on an old log bridge, where the flourishing city of Rochester now stands. The only appearance of a city then existing was a log mill, two or three log houses and a log school-house.

The land being all a swamp and marsh, he thought that it would not suit him, as he had left the sterile soil of the Green Mountains to find a place where he could raise wheat. He therefore passed by one of Nature's rich gifts to man and took up 300 acres of Government land in the township of Wheatland. There he spent the summer in clearing a small piece of the land and building a log house.

In the fall of the same year he returned to Vermont, and spent the winter in aiding his father in disposing of his land and effects, preparatory to emigrating to the new home in the West.

In the spring following, with oxen and wagon, he took his father's family, bidding farewell to the home of his childhood, and wended his way to the more fertile land and home prepared for them. There he labored some two years clearing and cultivating the land. His father dying, and as the land had been taken up in his father's name, he deemed it advisable to sell the farm and make a division amongst the heirs, he being executor of the estate, a duty which he performed, paying each of his five brothers and three sisters their portion with interest as they became of age, and taking care of his step-mother during her life.

After selling the land in Wheatland, he went into the township of Riga, some three miles distant, and took up three hundred acres of Government land in his own name, and made the beginning of a new home. To this home he took as his wife Miss Polly L. Andrews, and there, amid the hardships of pioneer life, they changed the forest into the cultivated field, and there they spent the remainder of their days enjoying the fruits of their labor.

He was always identified with the Whig and Republican parties, but never sought or accepted office, preferring the quiet of home life. He always believed honesty to be the best policy, and so strictly did he adhere to it that his neighbors and all who knew him considered his word as good as his bond.

He was always interested in all neighborhood and township matters which had for their object the best good of all, and closely identified himself with the organization and building up of the Wheatland Baptist Church, of which he was an active member until the Master called him, in the year 1847,

HON. JOSEPH E. THROPP.

at the age of 62 years, to a higher seat in the Church Triumphant.

He was always prompt to time in meeting appointments, faithful in duty, and always in his place. The pastor of the church at the time of his death took for the text of his funeral sermon the twentieth verse of the seventy-second Psalm: "The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended." He said he always knew when he went to the appointments of the church whom he would meet; one was Brother Cone. He was always in his place at the appointed time, ready for duty, unless he was sick or absent from home; a true type of a Christian man, worth his weight in gold to the church.

In the summer of 1846, he decided to visit once more his native place, from which he had been absent forty years. The changes had been so great during these years that he found very little pleasure in the visit, but accomplished one object, the erection of a tombstone at his mother's grave. This was the year previous to his death.

Andrew Cone's mother, Miss Polly L. Andrews, was a native of New Britain, Conn. She was of English descent, coming from one of the twelve families of Andrews mentioned in the Encyclopedia of British Heraldry, of note, bearing escutcheons in England. Her father, Nathaniel Andrews, entered the Revolutionary Army at the age of sixteen, and continued with it until its close. His youth and the earlier part of his manhood were spent in a New England home, but in after years he emigrated with his family to Oneida County, State of New York, where he was largely interested in agriculture.

Subsequently Miss Andrews, while on a visit to relatives in the western part of the State, met Andrew G. Cone and became Mrs. Polly L. Cone. She, like her husband, was the first and only child by her father's first marriage. She was trained like all New England girls in the various labors of the household and to be self-reliant when called into the active duties of life. She was raised a Presbyterian, but after her marriage united with the Wheatland Baptist Church, and became closely identified with her husband in the promotion of religion, industry and education, and in the temporal and spiritual interests of their two sons, the youngest of which was Andrew Cone. She was ever ready to give a helping hand

to the promotion of interests which had for their object the elevation of those by whom she was surrounded, and the spread of knowledge and intelligence in the community, visiting the sick and ministering to the wants of the needy. Her quiet evenness of disposition and integrity of principle won the hearts and commanded the respect of all who knew her. She was a sufferer from disease for many years in the latter part of her life, and died in the year 1848, at the age of 62 years, as she had lived, a sincere and faithful Christian.

From the training of such parents it is easy to form an impression of the character of Andrew Cone. He was born as above stated, and passed through all the incidents of farm and country life in his boyhood associations. He received a common school education and training to agricultural life, and later on spent a few terms in the winter in the Middleburg Academy, Wyoming County, New York. His brother, Dr. Edward A. Cone, being delicate in constitution, rolled the lion's share of all duties and responsibilities incident to the years of their minority upon the shoulders of his younger brother Andrew. In the year 1843, at the age of 21 years, at the request of his parents, who made to him a warranty deed of the farm and transfer of all the personal property belonging thereto, he took upon himself the responsibility and management of the farm and the support of his father and mother. He paid his brother his portion of the estate, giving to his parents a life lease in the property for their maintenance, and security to his brother for his portion.

On April 11, 1844, Mr. Cone was married to Miss Mary E. Hebbard, a native of Frederick County, Maryland, whose father was a native of Connecticut and of English descent, and whose mother was a native of Maryland, of English and German descent. He managed the farm and successfully met the responsibilities placed upon him, paying his brother his portion and taking care of his parents until their death.

In October, 1854, he removed from Maryland to Michigan, engaging with his brother (who was then largely engaged in the practice of medicine in the village of Millford, Oakland County) in the drug, medicine and grocery business.

In the month of April, 1858, his wife died, leaving one daughter in her thirteenth year.

On June 22, 1859, he married Miss Belinda S. Morse, of Eaton, Madison County, N. Y., and took her to his home in Michigan.

In the summer of 1861, the country being in distress and wanting men to come to the relief, he enlisted for the war, feeling that his life was but little use now, and if it could be of any service in saving the Republic from the rebellious hands outstretched for its destruction, it should be given, a willing sacrifice; but when the time came for medical examination he was not able to pass the legal requirements then made, being troubled somewhat with the asthma. Not willing, however, to submit to one defeat, he enlisted again in the autumn and went into camp two weeks at Detroit, but again failed to pass the medical examination.

In February, 1862, he went to the oil regions of Pennsylvania, taking up his residence in Oil City, then a town in its infancy, as was also the petroleum oil business. In April, 1862, he made the first full and complete report of the number, depth and production of wells drilled, their localities, etc., which report was incorporated into the United States commercial reports by the Bureau of Statistics. He then went into a mercantile house as clerk, where he spent the first year of the new struggle. He next assumed the superintendence of extensive oil interests, at a greatly increased salary. This position he held for two years, during which time he improved his financial condition by the savings from his salary and some small speculations on his own account. During this time he passed through the wildest speculative excitement known in the petroleum oil business. In the spring of 1865 he left the company and spent the next year in operating some on his own account; at the same time gathering and preparing material for the publication of a history of the petroleum business, and the territory from which it was produced. Before this work was completed, in May, 1866, he was offered and accepted the general superintendence of the extensive interests of the United Petroleum Farms Association and the Hoffman Petroleum Company, at a salary commensurate with the importance of the interests, which was another lift on the road to prosperity. In the fall of 1866, having acquired an interest in the Oil City and Petroleum Bridge across the Allegheny River, he was elected the treasurer and secretary of the cor-

poration. These responsibilities added to his labors, already burdensome, but were borne because the compensation brought the feeling that past misfortunes were fast being overcome. But other disappointments were lying in wait for him. His wife sickened, and after a long illness died, in February, 1867, leaving two young daughters to his care. In the meantime, the three papers of the city were bought and merged by a company of which Mr. Cone was one, and of which he was made the secretary and treasurer. In less than a year he found himself, through another combination of circumstances, the entire owner of the property, and two years later sold it for a handsome profit on the purchase. His next speculation was in the book business, which, in consequence of his many other interests and responsibilities, he was obliged to leave to the tender mercies of others, and it proved a failure, consuming all his profits in the printing business.

In the meantime, having made the acquaintance of Miss Mary E. Thropp, of Philadelphia, they were married October 1, 1868, and went to his home in Oil City. Mr. Cone continued the general superintendence of the oil companies four years, when, in consequence of having overtaxed his constitution, he was obliged, by failing health, to resign his position on the 1st of May, 1870, but by the request of the president and directors of the company he remained with them until August, to get their new superintendent fully initiated. The following two months, accompanied by his wife, he spent in travel, taking a trip through the northern lakes and western rivers, etc.

Mr. Cone continued to be secretary and treasurer of the Bridge Company, and in the spring of 1872, he was one of the originators of the Dollar Savings Bank of Oil City, of which he was vice-president; also one of the originators of the Workingmen's Building and Loan Association, at about the same time, of which association he was a director.

Early in 1873 he was appointed by General John F. Hartranft, then Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, a commissioner to represent the western part of the State at the Vienna World's Exposition. Accordingly, accompanied by his wife, on the 22d of May, he cut loose from the shore of his native land, on board of the steamship Pennsylvania, the first of the new American Line, and set sail for Europe. Landing at

Queenstown, they visited the historic scenes of Ireland, Scotland, England, France and Germany, on their journey to Vienna. Returning via Southern Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France and England, they arrived at home in Oil City in the latter part of October, having seen and enjoyed much on the journey.

Mr. Cone was the means of getting a cemetery for Oil City, and other substantial improvements. From its first organization, he was warmly identified with the interests of Oil City, filling at different times the position of councilman and other positions of trust and responsibility, passing through its various stages from a town with a few board houses and oil sheds to a city of 10,000 inhabitants, with paved streets, splendid business and dwelling houses and fine churches. He was from the commencement deeply interested in the church, Sabbath school and common school organizations, and other institutions which were for the best good of the moral and religious interests of the city. He organized a lodge of Good Templars, of which he was the first Worthy Chief, and passed through the various lodge and district offices up to the position of Grand Worthy Marshal of the Grand Lodge of the State of Pennsylvania. He was one of the organizers of a lodge of the Temple of Honor and Temperance, of which he was the first Worthy Chief.

But the one interest with which he was most strongly identified was the building up of a Baptist Church. At its organization in February, 1867, he was an organic member and elected one of its first Deacons. He organized and was the first superintendent of its Sabbath school, and had the pleasure of seeing it grow from sixteen members at the beginning to 200, and the church from twenty-one at its organization (meeting in halls) to a membership of about 300, meeting in a fine house of worship with a large organ, and furnished in modern style.

But failing health warned him that he must leave all his noble work and labor of love, and the comforts of his beloved home, and seek a warmer climate.

In February, 1876, he applied to President Grant and Secretary Fish, and received the appointment of United States Consul at Para, Brazil. In May of that year, accompanied by his wife, he left his home in Oil City for the new field of

labor, arriving at Para June 19, and immediately entered upon the duties of his office. Here everything was new and strange, a new business in a strange land and strange people and another language, but he soon mastered the situation, and strict and faithful attention to the consular service won the approval of the people and made a name at the Department of State, at Washington, as a consular officer of more than ordinary merit, and one marked for promotion. On July 24, 1878, he received the appointment by President Hayes as Consul at Pernambuco, being thus promoted to a more pleasant and much more lucrative consulate.

When in early life, a farm boy, following the plow, he little thought that in the latter years of his life he would be representing his country in a foreign land. His first wife's birthday was on the 23d day of July, and she would frequently say: " I wonder if the 23d verse of the 31st chapter of Proverbs will prove true, that ' Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land.' " It so proved in this case, but not till long years after she had passed from the scenes of this life to a better land.

Mr. Cone enjoyed considerable reputation as a writer, his principal work, " Petrolia," being a review of the oil speculating agitation, and a history of the oil fields of Pennsylvania. He died at Philadelphia, on November 7, 1880, and lies buried in the Mount Morris Cemetery, at Phoenixville, Pa., at his own request, in the lot of the Thropp family.

MARY E. THROPP CONE

ARY E. THROPP CONE, eldest daughter of Isaiah Thropp and Anna Virginia Workizer, and wife of the late Hon. Andrew Cone, of Oil City, Pa., was born in Valley Forge. Her distinguished work in arousing public sentiment concerning the proper marking of Washington's encampment at Valley Forge is entitled to more than passing notice. Indeed a sketch of her life is a sketch of the campaign which culminated successfully in the dedication of Valley Forge in 1903.

It is not always that local sentiment appreciates the beauty or the significance of its environment. The world famous cataract of Niagara was not saved as a public reservation by local sentiment, but by the appreciation and hard work of those who lived at a distance. Familiarity by daily association with a great historical spot or object or with a sublime work of nature too often breeds indifference, if not the "contempt" of which the poet speaks; but such was not the case with her who, from school-girlhood to womanhood, worked for the proper public recognition of the significance of Valley Forge. Mary E. Thropp seemed to have been raised up for the patriotic work which she performed. Her maternal ancestors, the Workizers, had come to Valley Forge long before the sufferings of the Continental Army in the winter of 1777-78, that consecrated the acres of Valley Forge to the cause of American liberty. They came not as ordinary emigrants, but as gentle-folks, with cultured minds, generous hearts and public spirit. They bought tract after tract of land, beginning near Howellville and extending to Valley Forge. They acquired about one-third of Valley Forge. Two roomy old houses, built by her great-grandfather, another built by her grandfather and still another bought and remodeled by her father, are standing there to-day in an excellent state of preservation, memorials of the rugged characters of their builders. By heredity, she was endowed both with exceptional mental qualities and with an intense love of her native place, and, as a child, she came into a family environment which tended to cultivate and increase these possessions. Her earliest mem-

ories were of the devotion of her father's family to Valley Forge. They constituted themselves guides for tourists, and entertained historical visitors. They cut canes from the redoubts and flowers from the encampments, etc., and sent them to those who desired them as souvenirs. They also sent all their revolutionary relics, including a number of cannon-balls, etc., which were procured through considerable effort and expense, to the Sanitary Fair in Philadelphia during the Civil War to be exhibited for the benefit of the soldiers, and, it may be mentioned incidentally, never received them back again.

It was with ideas born of such surroundings that she went to a boarding school in Philadelphia, where she developed great literary ability. With an intense love of her home and her country, and pained by what she regarded as the indifference of the public to the sacred character of Valley Forge, she felt constrained to use her pen to arouse a different state of feeling, her inspiration often taking the poetic form. Through her able and unwearied efforts in her early girlhood, she was the first to call the attention of the outside world to the neglected historic place.

Her first poems were published in the New York *Knickerbocker, Graham's Magazine,* and *Godey's Lady's Book.* One of them was entitled "Lines to the Valley Forge Creek," which is reprinted on page 49 following. It was while she was still in school, in 1850 and 1851, that she wrote the two poems entitled "The Trappe Church" and "The Lutheran's Appeal," (see pp. 51-52) which saved the old Trappe Church, the cradle of Lutherism, from destruction (See p. 44).

From that time on, she wrote almost continuously on the subject, till in time, public attention *was* aroused. If her early efforts had been properly seconded an imposing monument would have stood there many years ago. The late Charles Rogers, of Valley Forge, offered to give a noble site for the monument, and his brother-in-law, Benjamin Mathias, then editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post,* tendered the use of the columns of his paper in the interest of the monument. But at that time Miss Thropp was in the last year of her studies at school and her father thought she could not engage in anything so all-absorbing to the detriment of her education.

MRS. MARY E. THROPP CONE.

In 1860, after her graduation, she opened a select school for young ladies, in Philadelphia, and again took up her pen in the cause. The press generally was very kind, never refusing to insert her articles or asking pay for the space they occupied, but they occasionally eliminated her name and subjoined others, such as "Patriot," "Nemo," etc. She wrote under the name of "Cottager," in the Cincinnati *Inquirer* and the *United States Gazette* of Philadelphia. It was only when she found that others were taking credit for her work that she remonstrated with one or two of the editors. The first to publish her name with her articles was Joseph R. Chandler, editor of the *United States Gazette,* of Philadelphia—who did it, by the way, without her permission, and when she remonstrated with him he said it was but just that she should have the credit of her own work.

In April, 1865, Miss Thropp was sent from Philadelphia by the United States Sanitary Commission, as one of a committee of four ladies, with surplus hospital stores to the sick and wounded soldiers at Richmond. This benevolent mission was approved by President Lincoln, and a small government steamer was provided for the committee. They arrived at Richmond the very evening of the President's assassination. These ladies were the first from the North to enter the Confederate capital after its capture by the Federal army, and Miss Thropp's graphic letters home were eagerly published by the press.

In July, 1865, Miss Thropp went to Richmond again to assist the American Union Commission to establish a couple of free schools for *white* children.

On October 1, 1868, she married Andrew Cone, then owner and publisher of the Oil City *Times,* now the *Derrick.* After her marriage, she first signed her articles "Mrs. Andrew Cone," but her mother urged her on her deathbed always to put in the blunt old name of "Thropp," or at least the initial "T," and thereafter she did so.

In April, 1873, Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, appointed Mr. Cone as one of the Commissioners to represent that State at the Universal Exposition at Vienna, and he accepted the honor, understanding that the Legislature had allowed each of the Commissioners $2,000 toward his expenses. It was not until he had completed his preparations

for departure that he discovered that the " wily members who had created the offices had also taken the precaution to vote themselves the $6,000—all the money appropriated. In this strait, Mrs. Cone, to assist in paying the expenses of the trip, hastily concluded a business arrangement with the press, which gave her countrymen an interesting series of letters." (Norristown *Herald and Free Press,* April 7, 1874, and the Philadelphia *Inquirer.*)

Upon the conclusion of Mr. Cone's mission, he and his wife traveled extensively through Europe, Mrs. Cone writing letters as foreign correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and the Oil City *Derrick.*

Early in 1876, President Grant appointed Mr. Cone United States Consul at Para, Brazil, whither Mrs. Cone accompanied him. Before they sailed, however, by an interesting coincidence, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, visited Oil City, to study the petroleum industry. The Emperor was entertained at the home of the newly appointed Consul and his wife, who accompanied him in his tour about the oil region and explained to him the various details of the industry. The Oil City correspondent of the *Derrick,* writing under date of May 8, 1870, of the Dom's visit, said: " Mrs. Cone is one of the most intelligent, queenly and interesting ladies in Oil City. The oil regions were fitly represented by Mr. and Mrs. Cone, and doubtless they will be remembered by the Emperor when they arrive in his dominions."

The centennial anniversary of the occupation of Valley Forge occurred while Mrs. Cone was residing at the Consulate in Para. It was natural that those who were acquainted with her pen-work in behalf of Valley Forge should turn to her on this occasion, and Judge J. Smith Futhey, Chairman of the Committee of Chester County citizens having the celebration in charge, the other members of the committee being Hon. James Everhart and Addison May, Esq., of Westchester, wrote to her asking her to write a poem to be read at the exercises June 19, 1878. She had but four days between the arrival of the steamer which brought the request and the departure of the only steamer which would carry her reply in time, in which to compose the verses; and as domestic affairs claimed her daylight hours, she was obliged to write them at night, with the aid of her husband as amanuensis. The noble Cen-

tennial Poem of eighteen verses of eight lines each, reprinted on page 54 following, attests the spontaneity as well as the true poetic instinct of the writer.

It was also about this time that she wrote in verse a beautiful prayer, based on the thought contained in the words: "Cast all your cares upon Him, for He careth for you." "My Prayer" is printed on page 61.

After two and one half years' service at Para, Mr. Cone was appointed by President Hayes, in July, 1878, to be United States Consul at Pernambuco, Brazil. The transfer of Mr. Cone to this more desirable post of honor in no way reconciled Mrs. Cone to absence from her native land, for which she constantly yearned. This feeling expressed itself beautifully in a poem entiled "Home Sickness," dated July, 1880. It was dedicated to Mrs. Joseph E. Thropp, her sister-in-law, and was published in the Norristown *Herald.* It is reprinted on page 58 following.

In September, 1880, Mr. Cone, accompanied by his wife, returned to America on his first leave of absence. The change of climate affected his health and after a short illness he passed away November 7, 1880, in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Cone then resumed her former home in Oil City, Pa., and devoted herself with renewed zeal to the task of arousing public interest in Valley Forge. She and her sister Amelia were the originators of the Valley Forge Monument Association, and began their work for the monument in July, 1882. (See article in Phoenixville *Messenger,* July 22, 1882, below.)

On July 21, 1882, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* printed an eloquent appeal from Mrs. Cone for a monument at Valley Forge. As a specimen of her straightforward and persuasive use of the Anglo-Saxon language, it is reprinted on page 61 following. The article was reproduced in other papers.

On July 22, 1882, the Phoenixville (Pa.) *Messenger,* owned and edited by a staunch friend of Mrs. Cone's—John O. K. Robarts—published an editorial in which he said:

"Last week we published a very ably written and interesting letter from the pen of Mrs. Mary E. Thropp Cone, of Philadelphia, upon Valley Forge, her native place. In that letter she called attention to the fact that although the darkest days of the Revolutionary War were passed while the Continental heroes were at that place in 1777-78, and suffered as no

other army ever suffered, yet the American people, prone to liberality and to cherish the memories of the pregnant past, have signally and unaccountably failed to rescue from the shades of oblivion by the erection of a suitable, permanent monument, the names, at least, of the prominent actors in that scene of the war drama enacted upon those bleak hills, now part of this domain of freedom, through their heroism, patience, suffering and waiting.

"Those who were associated in arranging for the Centennial celebration of the evacuation of Valley Forge by the Continental Army, on the 19th day of June, 1878, will remember that the association organized for that purpose contemplated at one time perpetuating its existence, the erection of a monument, and stated meetings at Headquarters to keep alive the feelings of a patriotism engendered by that great demonstration. That the plan was not adopted, in the light of subsequent events was clearly an error. The Lady Regency fashioned after that of Mount Vernon, while pretty in outline, in substance and practice does not come up to expectation, and its object, the purchase of the Headquarters, has only been partially accomplished, and the prospects of the future are none of the brightest. But even if the Regency had been fully successful, yet, it does not seem that something more would not be needed. It is true, the Headquarters are in a good state of preservation, and the interior mainly as Washington and his Martha left it, but still that does not come up to the full measure of what is wanted. Those walls do not tell the names of the generals, the regiments, the States represented there in that season of peril, now so well known. And as the years go by, the records of all this will become fainter and fainter still. What is needed, then, is a substantial granite shaft, plain, but imposing, upon which may be chiselled the story as outlined above, so that people of this age and of the ages to come, may there read what now they will have to go to printed and perishing pages to learn.

"And we think that Mrs. Cone, the poetess of the great Centennial celebration, a native of that hallowed ground, bringing her acknowledged powers to bear upon such an enterprise, should be able to accomplish it in a short time. Of course, she will need assistance, but that should be forthcoming. If the school children of Philadelphia, by penny contributions, could erect that beautiful monument to Washington's memory in front of the old State House, in that city, those of Montgomery and Chester Counties should be able to do something worthy of their intelligence in this noble cause. There is no doubt but that there may be feasible plans adopted to secure what is desired. We feel assured that the press of the country will be in accord with any movement that shall tend to perpetuate the glorious history of Valley Forge, and those who so bravely suffered there."

On July 22, 1882, there appeared in the West Chester *Daily Republican* an article by her pen, entitled "The Nameless Grave of Valley Forge," written partly in prose and partly in verse. The poetic nature does not always speak in verse, and it is difficult to say which part of this article (reprinted on page 64) is the more poetic.

While public sentiment remained apathetic on the monument subject, Mrs. Cone was not only giving her time and talent toward that object, but, like the Queen of Spain, who gave her gems to aid Columbus' voyage, and like the patriotic women of Philadelphia who during the Revolution gave their jewels for the cause of Independence, she was offering her treasures of another kind to promote the cause she had so deeply at heart. On October 4, 1882, and several following days she published in the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* and other papers, the following advertisement:

"VALUABLE FOR THE BI-CENTENNIAL—Among other valuable relics, I possess a periodical more than sixty years old containing a historical account of the landing of William Penn at New Castle; convening an assembly of the Freemen of Pennsylvania at Old Chester; selecting a site for the city of Philadelphia; preaching from logs by the Inlet, subsequently spanned by Pool's Bridge, the first sermon that was ever preached in Philadelphia, etc., etc.

"Also, 'a speech delivered in the House of Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, May 24, 1764, by one of the members for the County of Philadelphia,' printed together with extracts from the minutes of the different Assemblies from 1719 to 1756, eulogistic of William Penn, etc.

"Either or both of these documents I will sell to the highest bidder; proceeds to be applied to the erection of a monument over the patriots of the Revolution at Valley Forge.

"No bid for less than one dollar each will be received. Please address

"Mrs. M. E. Thropp Cone,
"3314 Walnut Street, West Philadelphia."

This offer did not elicit a single response.

In November, 1883, Mrs. Cone wrote the verses entitled "The Wild Flowers of Valley Forge" (see page 68) and sent them to Whittier. The great poet was pleased with them and acknowledged them, together with another enclosure, in the following letter:

BOSTON, 15, 11th Mo.

"*Dear Mrs. Cone:*—I have read with great satisfaction thy able articles on the neglected dead of Valley Forge.

"The poem sent me will find a place through its own merits, without any effort of mine, but I will send it to the Boston *Transcript,* the best literary daily paper here.

"I am very truly thy friend,

"JOHN G. WHITTIER."

The *Transcript* published the poem December 15, 1882.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* reprinted the Wild Flowers poem three months later, commenting upon it as follows:

"We are indebted to Mrs. Thropp Cone, of Philadelphia, for a valued contribution, 'The Wild Flowers of Valley Forge,' which appears in to-day's *Ledger.* It is a perfect little gem, and strangely touches the finer fibres of man's rugged nature. Mrs. Cone has been devoting much of her time to secure a monument of marble to the memory of the heroes of Valley Forge, amid many discouragements; but in this little poem she has—perhaps unconsciously—added a gem that deserves to be perpetuated when mausoleums of marble shall have crumbled into dust."

Mrs. Cone next determined to see what could be done to organize the sentiment which she had been endeavoring to arouse, and for that purpose projected a series of meetings at Valley Forge. In order that she might be near the scene of action, she and her sister, Miss Amelia Thropp, went to Valley Forge for an extended visit.

On Monday evening, December 18, 1882, the 105th anniversary of the occupation of Valley Forge encampment, Mrs. Cone held a public meeting at Valley Forge, Colonel N. M. Ellis, of Phoenixville, presiding. The meeting is thus described by one of the local newspapers:

"A daughter of Valley Forge (Mrs. Thropp Cone), to the manor born, who, although years have passed since she made that place her home, many of them passed in foreign climes, loving the memories that cling about the old Headquarters, the fortifications and hills, suggestive at every turn of patriotic impulse, has resolved, if possible, to rescue that spot from the oblivion which seems to threaten it, and the grand central figures who once figured there. To that end, and at her request, a meeting was held in the public hall of the ancient village on the 105th anniversary of its occupation

by the Revolutionary sires. There were parties present from the place of meeting, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Washington and Phoenixville. Speeches were made by the Rev. Dr. William P. Breed, J. O. K. Robarts, Dr. B. M. Hanna, and others. The voice of the gathering is expressed in the following preamble and resolution:

"*Whereas,* Valley Forge stands forth pre-eminent among the historic places of American Revolutionary fame; and,

"*Whereas,* During the stay of the Continental Army there under Washington, 1777-78, scores of patriots gave their lives willingly for the cause in which they were enlisted; and,

"*Whereas,* No monument, public or private, has been erected in memory of their suffering and death, and

"*Whereas,* Congress has, in its liberality, appropriated various sums at different times for the building of monuments on Revolutionary battle-fields, and celebrating prominent events of that great struggle; therefore, be it

"*Resolved,* That it is the sense of this meeting that Valley Forge should have a monument to perpetuate the memories of the Continental heroes who suffered here, the names of the commands and the States they were from, and to that end is entitled to Congressional recognition.

"Upon the passage of the preambles and resolution, and an informal discussion of the subject matter in general, the meeting adjourned to reassemble at the same place on the second Monday of January next. It is to be earnestly hoped that a Soldiers' monument upon the heights of Valley Forge will be the result of the meeting brought about by that sterling lady, Mrs. Mary E. Thropp Cone."

On Monday evening, January 8, 1883, the adjourned meeting was held in the village, Colonel Ellis again acting as chairman and W. Clift, of Norristown, as secretary pro tem. A newspaper account of the meeting is given below, for it contains the names of many early helpers in the cause who have never received due credit for their support:

"Letters expressing sympathy with the movement and regret at their inability to be present were received from Marriott Brosius, Esq., of Lancaster; H. N. Geist, editor of the Lancaster *New Era;* ex-Governor John F. Hartranft, Addison May, Esq., of West Chester; Dr. J. B. Wood, of West Chester; Hon. William Ward, of Delaware County; William Murphy, Esq., of Philadelphia; Mrs. John Griffin, of Phoenixville, and many others.

"On motion of Rev. William P. Breed, of Philadelphia, the following persons were appointed a committee and author-

ized to collect subscriptions for the monument fund: Mrs. Mary E. Thropp Cone, Miss Amelia Thropp, Edward Benson, Colonel Dale Benson, Hon. John F. Hartranft, Major Isaiah Price, Mrs. Jones (1526 Arch Street), Mrs. Professor O. B. Ganse, Mrs. Aubrey H. Smith, Wharton Barker, and the Misses Bonney and Dillaye (Chestnut Street), of Philadelphia; Miss Phebe Robarts, John O. K. Robarts, Colonel N. M. Ellis, A. Bonzano, of Phoenixville; H. W. Kratz, Esq., and Dr. L. Royer, of Collegeville; Dr. A. D. Markley and Dr. William T. Robinson, of Hatboro; Colonel Theodore W. Bean, Major R. R. Corson, Mrs. Mary H. Wills, Isaac W. Smith, David Schall, of Norristown; Mrs. Anna M. Holstein, of Upper Merion; Mrs. Hugh McInnis, Captain William Rennyson, of Bridgeport; Dr. J. B. Wood, Addison T. May, John Groff, Mrs. Dr. Price, Dr. John Everhart, of West Chester; L. H. Davis, Captain Thomas Steele, of Pottstown; Mrs. Hon. Alan Wood, Jr., Mrs. Dr. Beaver, Rev. Mr. Atkins, Stanley Lees, of Conshohocken; Major John W. Eckman, I. Heston Todd, of Port Kennedy; John Rowan, Daniel Webster, of Valley Forge; Joseph E. Thropp, of Lower Merion; General D. McM. Gregg, Frederick Lauer, of Reading; General B. F. Fisher, of Chester County; Algernon Cadwallader, of Yardleyville; Judge Trunkey, of Franklin; Samuel D. Irvin, of Tionesta; Amos Gartside, of Chester; Samuel F. Jarret, of Shannonville; Dr. Frederick W. Heckel, of Spring City; Captain William Wayne, of Paoli; Dr. J. B. Hanna, of Pittsburg; William E. Lockwood, of Glenloch; H. N Geist and W. U. Hensel, of Lancaster; General W. W. H. Davis, of Doylestown; John Griffin, of Phoenixville.

"A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, was unanimously elected treasurer.

"The following was adopted unanimously:

"*Resolved,* That a vote of thanks be extended to Senators Sewell and Hawley, Congressmen William D. Kelley, William Godshalk, William Ward, Daniel Ermentrout, I. N. Evans, and James B. Everhart, and ex-Governor John F. Hartranft, for their sympathy and services in behalf of the monument project, and that they be earnestly requested to continue their exertions until favorable action by Congress shall be had.

"On motion of Mrs. Cone the next meeting was ordered for Monday afternoon, the 15th inst., and the meeting adjourned."

Referring to this meeting, the Norristown *Register* of June 12, 1883, said:

"In this as in many other patriotic, philanthropic, and progressive movements of the age, ladies are in the foremost rank. Mrs. Mary E. Thropp Cone, who was brought up within the

shadow of the hills which once sheltered the birthplace and cradle of liberty, is taking a most active part in this matter, and we heartily wish the lady success."

Other meetings of like character were held in Philadelphia. In October, 1883, Mrs. Cone and her sister Amelia went to Pittsburg and spent a month there, working in behalf of the monument. The traveling, hotel, printing and other expenses which were incurred were borne by Mrs. Cone with the same self-sacrificing spirit that animated her arduous labors. The work of the two sisters was not without recognition, however, for they were honored with important positions in the Western Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and upon their departure from Pittsburg for Philadelphia, a local paper said:

" Mrs. M. E. Thropp Cone and sister, Miss Amelia Thropp, left for their home in Philadelphia last week. During their stay in this city, in the interests of the Valley Forge Monumental Association, they were eminently successful in molding public opinion in favor of the patriotic enterprise, and leave behind them a large circle of friends who sincerely regret their enforced departure."

In February, 1883, Mrs. Cone wrote her brilliant poem entitled "The Sentinel of Valley Forge," which was read twenty years later at the 125th anniversary celebration at Valley Forge. It is reprinted on page 69 following. Of this poem, the Hon. John Hay, United States Secretary of State, wrote as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.
WASHINGTON, April 18, 1903.

Dear Madam—I have received your letter of the 16th of April, with a copy of your poem printed in " The Spirit of '76," which I herewith return at your request.

I have read with great interest and pleasure " The Sentinel of Valley Forge," and congratulate you on having expressed with so much beauty and feeling the patriotic sentiments which are forever associated with that historic neighborhood.

Yours very truly,
JOHN HAY.

Mrs. Mary E. Thropp Cone,
22 Harriot Avenue,
Oil City, Pa.

In March, 1883, Mrs. Cone offered to part with another treasure in the following advertisement:

"VALLEY FORGE MONUMENT FUND. I will sell sets of copper coin from the year 1810 to 1875, for the Valley Forge Monument Fund. Also some Brazilian silver coin. Call on or address, Mary E. Thropp Cone, No. 3314 Walnut Street, West Philadelphia."

In 1883 and 1884, Mrs. Cone and her friends made strenuous efforts to secure an appropriation from Congress for Valley Forge. Congress then had under consideration a bill introduced by Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York, to encourage the erection of monuments on Revolutionary sites (H. R. 2435). It provided, in general, for the appropriation by Congress of an amount equal to that raised locally for the erection of a Revolutionary monument. On July 2, 1884, the Committee on Library reported this bill favorably, recommending certain minor amendments placing beyond question its applicability to Valley Forge. This bill, however, failed to pass.

Meanwhile, an unfortunate situation arose. Valley Forge lies partly in Montgomery County and partly in Chester County. Washington's headquarters, near the debouchment of Valley Creek into the Schuylkill River, lies in Montgomery County, while most of *the camp-ground lies in Chester County.* The Valley Forge Monumental Association, of which Mrs. Cone was president, and her sister, Miss Thropp, was secretary, *had proceeded without regard to sectional lines.* But a rival organization, the Valley Forge Memorial Association, was formed, which aimed only at the acquisition of the headquarters building and the portion of the camp-ground in Montgomery County.

There appeared to be a plan on their part to ignore the Thropps and their allies in Chester County and the work they had done. It is not necessary to recount the extremes to which this personal opposition went. It may be stated, however, as a curious coincidence, if nothing more, that the Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, author of the "Annals of Chester County," for some reason, neglected to mention Mrs. Cone's family in that work, although they were the oldest and most prominent people of the place.

The Memorial Association proceeded to raise money to buy the Headquarters and they endeavored to merge Mrs. Cone's association into theirs. Finally they offered to pay Mrs. Cone if she would write for them. Mrs. Cone had spent a great deal of money in advertisements, railroad tickets, and other expenses, and had never asked nor received either reimbursement for her actual expenditures or compensation for the outpourings of her heart in the newspapers. In view of her unselfish disposition revealed in these acts, and of the effort to undermine her organization, she regarded the tender of her rivals to receive her into their paid employment somewhat in the light of an insult. It is needless to say that the offer was not accepted.

Referring to the situation, the Library Committee of Congress, in their report on Congressman Cox's bill, before alluded to, said:

"Two societies have in charge at present the work to be accomplished at Valley Forge, one designed more especially to preserve the Headquarters of Washington there, and the other to build a monument on the height of land where the encampment was situated; also to secure some of the land and preserve the intrenchments intact for all time behind which the army of Washington passed that memorable winter of privation and suffering, the touching story of which is familiar to every school-boy in the country. Mrs. Mary E. Thropp Cone, of Philadelphia, a native of Valley Forge, is at the head of this latter organization. Mr. A. J. Drexel, Jr., of Philadelphia, is its treasurer, and Mr. George W. Childs a charter member. The American Army at Valley Forge was composed of soldiers from New England, from the Middle States, and from the South. All sections of the country were enshrouded in that '*midnight of despair.*' No event of the Revolution was more national in its character, no victory of arms more conducive to the final result. To preserve a few acres of the encampment of the army there, and actually to keep the very intrenchments behind which they lay and suffered from being leveled to the ground, is surely a work in which the nation can well take a part. By an affidavit from Mrs. Anna M. Holstein, of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, the Lady Regent of the other Valley Forge organization, and from other sources, the committee learn that the Headquarters buildings and grounds are in the possession of this body, and with a clear title; and that there is now due on the purchase about $3,000, and that the receipts of the society do not permit this sum to

increase, the interest being regularly paid. Under the operations of this bill this organization feel that they can easily raise the money at once to pay off this debt by private subscription. In fact, the money for this purpose has been substantially guaranteed to them should the bill become a law. The Headquarters will then be free from the mortgage now incumbering it, and a sum equal to its whole cost will then be available as the nucleus of a monument fund for the other organization, or such an organization as may be formed after the bill shall have become a law. Both these organizations, your committee are informed, are cognizant of the section relating to Valley Forge, and contemplate the passage of the bill with pleasure."

In October, 1883, Mrs. Cone and her sister Amelia went to Pittsburg, where the citizens received their appeals with courtesy, but would not take hold, and Mrs. Cone had not the courage to ask for contributions to pay expenses; but many a night the two sisters sat up into the "wee sma' hours ayout the twall" writing for the cause in the old-fashioned way—for they had no typewriter.

The Phoenixville *Messenger* of June 28, 1900, referring to the proscription of the Chester County people by the Memorial Association, said:

"We call attention to a local in this issue referring to the annual meeting and election of the Valley Forge Memorial Association, held at that place last Thursday.

"It will be noticed, and it should be with surprise, that not a Chester County name appears in the entire roster of officials; and this is the more surprising when it must be remembered that in Chester County, as well as in what was then probably Philadelphia County, now Montgomery, many of Washington's men were encamped during the winter of 1777-78.

"Again, in the arrangements for the Centennial celebration in 1878, Chester County men and women were active in labor, sympathy and contribution of time and labor to make that event an unquestioned success, all of which, however, counted for nothing when the time came for permanent organization. Then it was, that in the charter for the Valley Forge Memorial Association, the *names of all Chester countians were ignored,* Montgomery County monopolizing the matter.

"It will be noticed in the local referred to that a proposition was made at the late annual meeting to formulate a historical pamphlet referring to the late Valley Forge movement, reciting particularly the part taken by the P. O. S. of A. in caring for the old Headquarters.

MISS AMELIA THROPP.

" It will be curious to see, when that effort is in print, what disposition is made of those this side the Montgomery County line, who were to the fore from the 18th of December, 1877, to the 19th of June, 1878, during which the P. O. S. of A. were conspicuous, if at all, by their absence."

When it became apparent that Congress would not make an appropriation for Valley Forge, the subject of a State appropriation was agitated. Public sentiment finally crystallized, not in the form of a monument, but in the form of a State Reservation embracing a portion of the historic camp-ground.

In 1893, the Pennsylvania Legislature created a Commission " to acquire, maintain and preserve forever the Revolutionary Camp Ground at Valley Forge for the free enjoyment of the people."

With appropriations aggregating $35,000, the Commission secured about 220 acres of land by 1897. This area was only about one-third of the camp-ground, but embraced the line of well-preserved entrenchments, and the remains of Fort Washington and Fort Huntington. In 1903, the Commission obtained an appropriation of $93,650. Sixty more acres were added, and a system of drives and paths touching the chief points of interest constructed.

In addition to the Park itself, other memorials have been preserved or erected outside of the Park boundaries. The old stone building in the village wherein Washington made his headquarters was purchased in 1878, by the Valley Forge Memorial Association, and is restored as far as practicable to its original appearance. On land situated east of the Park, but within the camp-ground, donated by Mr. I. H. Todd, the Episcopalians have erected a temporary frame chapel, with a view to building there a permanent memorial chapel. In 1895, the Sons of the Revolution erected a monument to mark Anthony Wayne's headquarters, a mile south of Valley Forge. In 1901, the Daughters of the Revolution dedicated a beautiful monument, sixty feet high, at the grave of Major John Waterman, just across the road from the Episcopal Memorial Chapel.

The 125th anniversary of the evacuation of Valley Forge was celebrated June 19, 1903, under the auspices of the Valley Forge Anniversary Association, which was organized at the Hotel Hanover, Philadelphia, December 18, 1902. The officers of this association were: General B. F. Fisher, of Val-

ley Forge, president; J. P. H. Jenkins, of Norristown, vice-president; George N. Malsberger, of Pottstown, treasurer, and John O. K. Robarts, of Phoenixville, secretary. In this celebration, Mrs. Cone was very properly represented by the reading of her poem "The Sentinel of Valley Forge." The exercises of the day were held on the State property near Fort Huntington, and were divided into two parts.

At 10 a. m. a Memorial Service was held, as follows, Governor S. W. Pennypacker presiding:

National Salute, by Battery C., National Guard of Pennsylvania.
Dirge, by the Phoenix Military Band.
Invocation, by Bishop Cyrus D. Foss.
Hymn, "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne," by chorus of 500 voices.
Responsive reading, by Rev. J. W. Sayres, D.D.
"Gloria Patri," by the Chorus.
Reading of Scriptures, by Rev. Henry A. Hoyt, D.D.
Anthem, "Erect Your Heads, Eternal Gates," by the Chorus.
Prayer, by Rev. Joseph H. Dubbs, D.D.
Hymn, "God Bless Our Native Land," by the Chorus.
Address, by Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf.
Doxology, by the Chorus.
Benediction, by Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D.
Hymn, "Amen, Amen, Amen," by the Chorus.

The Patriotic Service was held at 2 p. m., according to the following programme:

Music by the Phoenix Military Band.
Festival Hymn by the Chorus.
Prayer, by Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D.
"God Guard Columbia," by the Chorus.
Poem, "The Sentinel of Valley Forge," by Mrs. Mary E. Thropp Cone (read by Professor Francis L. Lybarger).
Address, by Walter S. Logan, of New York.
"Waken, Voice of the Land's Devotion," by the Chorus.
Address, by Miss Adaline W. Sterling, of Englewood, N. J.
Kellar's American Hymn, solo, by J. O. K. Robarts, of Phoenixville, and Chorus.
Address, by Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York.
"Hail, Valley Forge," by the Chorus.
Poem, by Miss Margaret B. Harvey (read by Professor Francis L. Lybarger.)

"The Heroes of Valley Forge," by the Chorus.
Address, by Hon. C. Emory Smith, of Philadelphia.
"Hallelujah Chorus," by the Chorus.
Benediction, by Rev. Robert M. Green, D.D., of Phoenixville.
John O. K. Robarts, of Phoenixville, was Musical Director of the day.

In looking back at what has been done to endear Valley Forge to the hearts of the American people, the impartial observer can not fail to be impressed with the value of the work done by the Thropp family, and particularly by Mrs. Cone, aided by her faithful, ever-helpful and sympathetic sister Amelia. It has been said that "all women who publish do so for money or fame." Mrs. Cone certainly did not work in this cause for money. Her sensibilities were too delicate and her patriotism too pure to permit her to coin the profoundest feelings of her heart into money—to manufacture the sacrifices and sufferings of heroes into lucre. It may be doubted, too, if she consciously worked for fame—certainly not for the selfish fame which seeks to exalt the personality of the worker above the work. One soweth and another reapeth, and to a certain extent others have entered into the fruit of her labors; but those who will take the trouble to review the events of not only this year, or last year, but of forty years, in connection with the development of public appreciation of Valley Forge, will accord the fame of good works most generously to her whose controlling motives were an all-possessing patriotism, an absorbing love for the beautiful Valley of her home, and an ever-conscious pride that she was a native of Valley Forge.

THE OLD TRAPPE CHURCH AND HOW A GIRL SAVED IT

YING about twenty-five miles north of Philadelphia, in the township of Upper Providence, in the county named after General Richard Montgomery, and in the State of Pennsylvania, is a village with the curious name of Trappe. And in that village with the curious name is a curious looking stone church of venerable aspect which is called the Old Trappe Church.

The first name of the village was Landau, given to it by Samuel Seely, who divided it into town lots; but "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley"; and by a singular course of events, the name Landau was supplemented by Trappe. How this metamorphosis came about is described by the Rev. Dr. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, the first regular minister of the church, and called "The Luther of America," who made the following entry in his diary under date of November 13, 1780:

"Christian Schrack, who was buried yesterday, was a son of John Jacob Schrack, who came to this country in 1717 . . . They built a cabin and a cave in which they cooked. They kept a small shop in a small way, and a tavern with beer and such things. As once an English inhabitant, who had been drinking in the cave, fell asleep and came home late, and was in consequence scolded by his wife, he excused himself by saying he had been at the Trap. From that time the neighborhood is called Trapp, and is known as such in all America."

In the course of English usage, the name took unto itself a final "e," with which unnecessary and inaudible vowel the early English loved to decorate the ends of almost every word that would permit it, and this final "e," the most-used letter in the alphabet as every printer knows—for he has a larger box of "e's" in his case than of any other letter—has been the subject of fierce but happily bloodless contention locally. Many thought the addition of an extra "p" was bad enough, but to add a "curly-cue" on the end of that in the shape of an "e" was too much. However, the extra "p" and the final "e" remain, and the name is now spelled "Trappe."

The township of New Providence is part of the tract which

Penn reserved for his own use and named after his mother "Gilbert's Manor." It was first settled by the English in 1684, Edward Lane being the pioneer; but soon after came the Germans, and among them John Jacob Schrack, aforementioned, who came in 1717, bought 250 acres in the lower end of the present village of Trappe, and conducted the interranean public refectory which gave the village its unsought name.

The settlement grew rapidly. The English built a church; the Mennonites had a meeting house and the Lutherans worshipped in a barn. In December, 1742, Dr. Muhlenberg became pastor of the Lutherans and in the following January they built a log school-house. They also voted to build a stone church, "54 schuh lang bei 39 schuh breit"—54 shoes long by 39 shoes broad. The German "shoe" is the same as the English "foot." The cornerstone was laid May 2, 1743, and on September 12 the congregation left the barn and consecrated the now venerable building by their first worship. The formal consecration, however, did not take place until the building was completed in all its parts, and occurred October 6, 1745. In the wall of the old church may still be seen a stone bearing the following inscription, attesting the antiquity of the edifice:

SUB REMIGIO CHRISTIHAS
AEDES SOCIETATI AUGUSTANAE
CONFESS DEDITAE DEDICATAS EX
IPSO FUNDAMENTO EXSTRUXIT
HENRICUS MELCHIOR MULENBERG
UNA CUM CENSORIBUS. I. N.
CROSMANO. F. MARSTELERO.
A. HEILMANO. I. MULLERO. H.
HASIO: ET G. KEBNERO.
A.D. MDCCXLIII.

Which, by interpretation, means: "Under the auspices of Christ, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, together with his council, I. N. Crosman, F. Marsteler, A. Heilman, I. Mueller, H. Haas and G. Kebner, erected from the foundation itself this temple, dedicated by the Society of the Augsburg Confession. A. D. 1743."

Dr. Muhlenberg, who died October 7, 1787, and his wife, who died August 23, 1802, are buried in the graveyard adjoining the church.

The Old Trappe Church is the oldest unaltered Lutheran church in America. It cost $889.92 to build originally. It once had a pipe organ which was brought from Europe in 1751, and cost $329.77, but when, in the course of years, the church fell into neglect, the organ was carried off piece by piece by relic hunters until now nothing but the frame remains.

The village of Trappe was so well within the bounds of civilization at the time of the French and Indian war that the church did not suffer from the depredations of the savages, as some other Lutheran churches, less fortunately situated, suffered.

During the Revolution, its sturdy walls formed an excellent shelter for an American outpost, but they were not always treated with the respect due to their sacred character. On September 11, 1777, the battle of Brandywine was fought about twenty-five miles southwest of Trappe; and six days later, Washington's army crossed the Schuylkill at Parker's Ford, about six miles northwest of Trappe. Thence the Americans marched to Trappe, coming out on the road just above the church. So close were the British in pursuit that, on September 19, Pastor Muhlenberg with a telescope could see the British camp across the Schuylkill. All night long the American army marched by the church. On September 25, Dr. Muhlenberg entertained Lord Sterling, General Wayne, and their aides at breakfast. The next day, General Armstrong came down to Trappe with three or four thousand Pennsylvanians and took up his headquarters in the church. The day after that, the 27th, when Dr. Muhlenberg went to the church to bury a child, he found it filled with officers and soldiers whose arms were stacked in the corner. The organ loft was also filled with sons of Mars, lustily singing to an organ accompaniment by one of their number.

On October 2, the soldiers departed and on the 4th was fought the battle of Germantown. After the battle the militia returned, and the church was converted into a hospital. When Washington went into camp at Valley Forge, in December following, the troops were withdrawn from the Trappe camp.

In 1814, the church was extensively repaired at a cost of $664.89½.

After more than a hundred years of life and growth, the congregation found the church inadequate to its needs; and this situation, together with the fact that the church was sadly in need of repair, nearly resulted in the abandonment and destruction of the venerable structure. While the congregation were discussing the situation in 1850, Mary E. Thropp, later Mrs. Andrew Cone, but then a school-girl, touched by the sentiment which surrounded the old building, wrote for the Norristown *Herald and Free Press* a poem entitled "The Trappe Church" (reprinted on page 52 following).

Who can tell what hidden stream of hereditary influence inspired these and other verses in behalf of the old church? Those who have read Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' novel "The Guardian Angel," remember how charmingly the author has treated in a literary way the hidden influence of heredity. A school-girl, with a trace of Indian blood in her veins, is thrown into the similitude of the environment of her ruddy-skinned ancestors by a tableau in which she participates at boarding-school. Under almost trivial provocation, the Indian blood flashes in her veins and almost finds expression in a characteristic Indian act.

Miss Thropp's mother, Mrs. Isaiah Thropp, was Anna Virginia Workizer. The latter was daughter of John Workizer and granddaughter of Christian Workizer and Margaretta Girardin, his wife. Christian and Margaretta Workizer gave the ground at Strafford Station on which was built a log church, as stated on page 13, which sustained religious connection with the Old Trappe Church. It is not at all improbable that in this child of the fourth generation from Christian and Margaretta Workizer there lay dormant and hidden some instinct, born of the ancestral connections between the Trappe church, the so-called Old Eagle School property, and the Valley Forge encampment, which sprang into being when the Old Trappe Church was threatened and which voiced the sentiments of ancestors who could no longer speak for themselves.

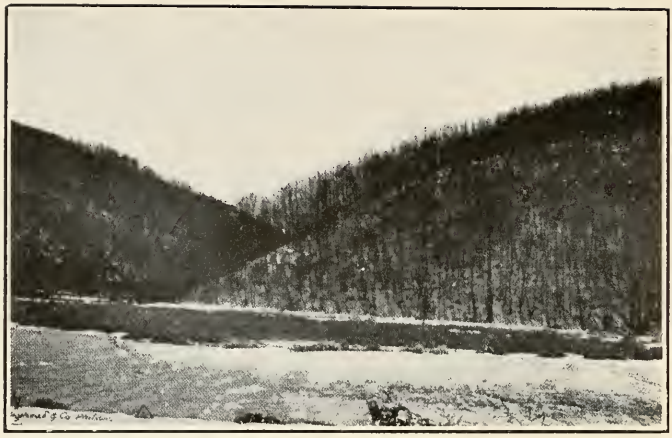
However that may be, Miss Thropp's poem attracted widespread attention and was copied by other newspapers. In 1851, the congregation, notwithstanding their veneration for the old building, decided to tear it down and build a new one. The

decision to tear down the old church greatly distressed the Rev. Henry S. Miller, the pastor, and he appealed to Miss Thropp to use her pen again in pleading for the preservation of the sacred edifice. She thereupon wrote, under date of January 21, 1851, the poem entitled "The Lutheran's Appeal." (See page 51.) On February 22, 1851, the congregation resolved that the old church should remain standing "until a new church should be built and until the vestry should deem it proper to take it down."

But in view of the popular sentiment, the vestry never deemed it proper to take it down. There is no doubt that the decision to keep the old church standing and build the new church on another site was largely influenced by Miss Thropp's poems. After the decision to preserve the old structure, Clement Miller, son of the pastor, and Dr. Frederick Hekel hastened to congratulate the delighted child on the success of her disinterested work and to thank her for saving the church from destruction.

On February 16, 1860, a terrible storm demolished the roof and exposed the interior to the elements. The congregation again voted to tear the walls down, but gave a committee, which pleaded for the privilege, permission to try to raise subscriptions for the preservation of the structure. The effort was successful, the church was repaired again, and has been kept in good condition ever since.

And so the Old Trappe Church still stands, a monument to those pioneer sages who brought civilization and the Gospel to this region nearly two centuries ago.



MOUNT JOY. VALLEY CREEK IN WINTER. MOUNT MISERY.

OLD LOG HUT NEAR "THE CROSSING" OF THE SCHUYLKILL.

LINES TO THE VALLEY FORGE CREEK

By MARY E. THROPP

RIDE of my little native vale,
Mine own blue stream, once more
I leave my home and guide my feet
Along thy peaceful shore!
The parting beams have ceased to gild
Thy undulating breast,
They do but crown thy glorious hills
While lingering in the west;
Yet art thou fair, thou pleasant stream!
Blue as yon tranquil sky;
And in the curvings of thy banks
How soft the shadows lie!

I've watched thee when the early breeze
That heralded the sun
Stole gently o'er thy sleeping waves,
And waked them one by one.
I've seen thee when thy riplets bright
Flashed back the golden rays,
All glittering like a sea of stars
Beneath the sun-set blaze;
And when the star-attended moon,
Queen of the silent night,
Flung o'er thy softly heaving breast
A milder, holier light:
But never in thy brightest garb,
Nor in thy palmiest hour,
Hast thou more grateful homage claimed
Than my heart yields this hour!

No fortress lifts its frowning front
In solitary pride
Above the ever-guarding hills
That shield thy tranquil tide;
Nor slender spire, nor gilded dome
Above thy waters gleam,
Save where they mingled silently
With Schuylkill's passing stream;
Nature reigns queen; e'en this bold bend
Shuts out each trace of art;
No changes, save when spring and fall
In beauty come, depart;
Unchanged thy sky, thy hills, thy trees,
Unchanged thy ceaseless flow;

Fair as when first He called thee good,
Six thousand years ago.

Since then how much of hope and fear,
How much of right and wrong,
E'en here by thee has Time's still tide
Raised up and borne along!
How oft to quench their burning thirst
Deep in thy grateful tide,
Have antlered deer and graceful fawn
Swept down yon mountain's side;
So light of limb, so fleet of foot,
Were those wild mountain deer;
But suns have set and moons have waned,
Since deer or fawn were here.

How oft has maiden's moccasin
Brushed from thy banks the dew;
How oft has thy blue bosom borne
The Chieftain's light canoe!
Where are they now? Their banished tribe*
By blue Columbia's waves
Dream of the small far stream that flows
Hard by their fathers' graves:
A hundred years and more have fled
Since last they sought thy shore;
The death song and the warrior's whoop
Sound from thy banks no more!

Since then thy waters heard the tones
Of fife and clarion shrill,
Borne from the brave, high-spirited band
Encamped along the hill.
But better, holier sounds were near;
When twilight veiled the sun,
Thy listening waters paused to hear
The prayer of Washington.

That too has passed; the great man sleeps
On broad Potomac's shore;
And thou art flowing on, oh stream!
Bright, changeless, as before:
And thus thou'lt flow when she sleeps well
Who loved near thee to dream,
Majestic in enduring night
Thou many-memoried stream!

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*The Leni Lenape Indians.

THE LUTHERAN'S APPEAL

(Written for the Norristown *Herald and Free Press.*)

By MARY E. THROPP

OH, spare the Old Trappe Church,
Touch not with impious hands
Those consecrated walls—
Oh let the Old Church stand!
Therein, what peace and hope
To fainting souls were given;
Therefrom, what hymns and prayers
Ascended up to Heaven.

How many friends I've seen
Enter by that low door;
How many have gone forth,
To darken it no more;
How many weary forms,
By life's stern cares oppressed,
Have sought its silent yard,
And laid them down to rest.

The dear old hallowed Church,
By our forefathers given
Standing so humbly there,
In the calm light of Heaven:
God's spirit brooding o'er,
Breathing its peace around
The living and the dead,
Making it holy ground.

Would'st mar its stillness, then,
With ribald jest and sneer,
While reckless hands hurl down
The Church we hold so dear?
Never! oh never! Back,
In memory of the dead!
We'd rather see go down
The roof above our head!

Oh! is it not enough
That changes sadly come
O'er all our childhood knew,
In every earthly home?
To see loved faces fade
Like stars at morning time,
Wearing the sweet wan look
That tells of life's decline?

To watch the change of time;
The sadder change of heart;
Without enduring still
The chilling change of art?
The dear, old honored Church!
Despoiler, harm it not;
Let time and God alone
Change this beloved spot.

Touch not the Old Trappe Church,
The fane our fathers loved
Ere yet along its path
Our infant footsteps roved,
Their honored dust is here.
Spare, sacrilegious hand,
The Altar and the Grave,
And let the Old Church stand.

Valley Forge, January 21, 1851.

THE TRAPPE CHURCH

(Written for the Norristown *Herald and Free Press.*)

By MARY E. THROPP

TIME honored! how thy quaint old form
To thee my feelings draw,
As 'mid thy hallowed bounds I stand
With reverential awe.

No gilded dome nor window stained
To thy plain walls were given;
Only through open casements streams
The sunny air from Heaven,

Down on young heads in blessing streams,
Nestles 'mid locks of snow,
Bright as above their sires it gleamed
A hundred years ago.

Above, below, thy seats are thronged
With hushed, expectant hearts,
While from the choir a soft, sweet strain
Its melody imparts.

A venerable form * fills now
Thy highest, holiest place;
Attentive faces all around
Gaze up to that calm face.

A prayer, a hymn, and close attention marks
Ut'rance of truths profound;
Graced by clear head, warm heart, lit eye,
And voice of solemn sound.

That simple eloquence has ceased,
Sunk deep in hearts away:—
Forth from the awed within—we'll seek
More silent ones than they.

Softly, step lightly 'mid the mounds;
God's garden this, of graves;
Here sleeps the messenger † who brought
Glad tidings o'er the waves,

The God-inspired sage who made
The world his Fatherland;
Bore pennon of the thorn-crowned King
To our beloved land.

Here rests the Keystone's pride ‡ —hither
This unmarked grave to scan;
It bears the "noblest work of God,"
A true, an honest man;

The pilot of our ship of State,
The best she ever won,
For Pennsylvania never wept
A nobler-hearted son!

Ah! many a human hope lies here,
Deep, deep beneath the sod!
Sire, sister, mother, son and friend,
All garnered up to God.

Hark! from the fane a hymn ascends
Borne on the summer air,
It sinks and dies amid the graves,
So too, the voice of prayer.

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*Rev. Henry S. Miller, Pastor.

†Rev. Henry M. Muhlenberg, the father of the Lutheran Church in the United States.

‡Governor Shunk.

The benison and then the throng,
Pass from the house of prayer
To busy life; so once did they,
The silent sleepers there!

Valley Forge, 1850.

VALLEY FORGE CENTENNIAL POEM

By MARY E. THROPP CONE

(Read at the Valley Forge Centennial, June 19, 1878.)

ITHIN my window, opening to the sea,
I stand afar, and muse alone,
Not on Brazilian scene of wave and shore,
But on the Valley of my home.
Above, in graceful rainbow curves,
The banner Freedom won,
Of lily, rose and starry blue,
Floats in the morning sun.

Before me spreads the flashing sea,
Cradling the white sailed ships to rest,
Circling fair Amazonian isles,
In their rich tropic beauty, drest:
The beauty of the changeless years,
Where winters never come,
Touched by artists' matchless hand
The equatorial sun.

Oh, gazing from this arch of palms,
O'er silver reach of shining bay,
My senses wrapt in beauty's dream,
My truant thoughts are far away—
Not on the glory of this summer land,
Not on this sky of sapphire blue,
Ah, no, my longing heart, dear friends,
Is all at home with you!

Brazilia's wilds with flowers aflame,
Brazilia's wastes sublime,
Her broad savannahs, boundless floods,
In all their wealth of prime—
Superb the setting, but the gem
Is dross, compared with thee,
In Virtue firm, in Wisdom great,
Thou land of Liberty!

Far up 'mid Pennsylvania's hills,
Ye gather now, brave Boys in Blue,
Who guarded with your lives the land
Our fathers left to me and you.
Hast'ning with honor, laurels, love,
Ye come from farm and busy mart—
I come not, but, half trembling, send
The tribute of my grateful heart.

Oh, Loyal Men, who conquering came,
Late from the lurid fields of war,
Bringing the Ark of Union home,
On your victorious car,
'Tis meet that you, brave, kindred souls,
Should seek each patriot mound,
With reverent feet, and grateful heart,
Our country's holy ground!

Men, o'er the ocean, fought for Kings,
But ye, brave Sire and Son,
To make these States "the promised land"
For all beneath the sun;
You rushed to battle eager, brave,
And fought the Nation's pride,—
True sons of martyred sires who erst
Endured, and starved and died.

Sublime in suffering, waiting was to do,
Oh, holy men of long ago!
Starving in cold and frozen camp,
Praying on blood-stained snow;
Till weary with the hope deferred,
Some waited not the coming day;
But overtaxed, by suffering spent,
The silver cord gave way.

They prayed, and fought, endured and died,
For all the race of time;
And ye, their Peers, through paths of death
Bore Union-Ark to Freedom's Shrine!
Oh, could their unseen souls return,
How would they bless their sons!
Mingling with triumph songs of praise,
And holy orisons.

Rejoice! the veil of centuries is rent,
A hundred years sublime
Lie like the waves, ere winds arise,
Upon the shores of time!

Blest vale, so fair that Paradise
  Revived for man, again, in thee,
Blest sunny slopes, and favoring skies,
  That cradled first young Liberty!

Renowned thy Chieftain's soul of truth,
  Thy Prussian's martial lore,
Thy Marquis—all the lion hearts
  Who led in Freedom's war.
Our grateful hearts beat high to them,
  But oh, they yearn to-day
O'er those whose strong, heroic souls,
  In silence passed away.

Oh feet, that pressed these green redoubts,
  Worn feet, this camping ground,
Your work among these holy hills
  Is felt the wide earth round—
One power is reaping her reward,
  Sole nation, in advance,
To welcome Heaven-born Freedom in,
  The friendly land of France.

In war-tried Europe nations fall,
  But thou, oh, Fair and Young!
Now that the clouds of slavery flee
  That o'er thy morning hung—
Thy sun must rise while theirs decline,
  Shedding o'er all Hope's ray serene;
Dispelling heart-ache, want and woe,
  Where'er its peaceful glories beam.

The Union safe, thy loyal sons
  Press proudly round thee now,
Who lifted Slavery's malison
  From Freedom's suffering brow.
She mourns her unreturning brave,
  Lost in our country's night of woe,
While yet the tide of civil war
  O'er breaking hearts surged to and fro.

And, Christ-like, on the mountain yearns,
  To gather young and old,
In pitying love! till her white wings
  Shall all mankind enfold.
Land of my love! God guard thee well,
  Thou hope of every clime!
And guide thee, blessing man, and blest,
  Thou Fairest-born of Time!

Oh, keep our fair Columbia pure,
Brave brothers, tried and true;
Guard well her honor, and the right,
Our hopes are all with you!
Then round her brow forevermore,
Shall stars of Freedom shine,
That know no zenith of increase,
No nadir of decline.

Now blest with Union, Freedom, Peace,
Give all the praise to God,
And consecrate anew, this day,
Our land, our lives, to God.
Then shall his benison descend
On harvest and on store,
And, ocean-like, o'er all the land,
Flow ever, evermore!

Grand Armies, glorious then and now!
That left to face the foe;
This victor comes, united, free!
To honor those of long ago,
March! brothers, march, at set of sun,
Your graceful homage given;
And let your pæans, as you go,
Roll o'er the hills to heaven!

United States Consulate, Para, Brazil, May 11, 1878.

THE BENTIVEE

(A Brazilian Bird.)

By MRS. MARY E. THROPP CONE

COME! I come through the sunny air
From the shore of the sounding sea.
What flying away from thy lover, Sweet,
Ha! ha! * Eu ben-ti-ve!
Over the deserts that stretch to the sun,
Through forests as broad as the sea,
I'd follow thee ever, I'd follow thee on—
Escape! Eu ben-ti-ve!

* "I see thee well." Eu Portuguese for I, is pronounced in two syllables—e-u. The female bird is an arrant little coquette. She can be heard nearly always piping her clear Bentivee in a grove quite distant from that of her mate.

Flash go thy wings through the cocoa palms,
  Now fold in the mango tree,
Thou'rt lifting thy shy little head from the leaves,
  Ha! ha! Eu ben-ti-ve!
My Beauty at bay, my coy little Love,
  Soft cooing thy ben-ti-ve—
Aye, sing it, my Queen, first thou and then I,
  Our rapturous ben-ti-ve!

HOME SICKNESS

(Written for the Norristown *Herald.*)

Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. Joseph E. Thropp.

By MRS. MARY E. THROPP CONE

HE sea on the bar breaks ever,
  In billows of green and gold:
And overhead, in its vastness,
  The fathomless blue is enrolled.
There comes no wind from the ocean,
  The ships lie at anchor asleep,
There is not a cloud in the heavens
  To shadow the earth or the deep.
Oh give in exchange for this glory,
  So sweltering, bright and still,
A mist from our Schuylkill Valley,
  A breeze from my native hill.

Day after day glides slowly,
  Ever and ever the same;
Skies of intensest splendor,
  Airs, which smite hot as flame;
Birds of imperial plumage,
  Palms straight as columns of fire,
Acacia, orange and mango—
  They fill not my heart's desire.
I long for the song of the blackbird
  The cataract's leap and flash;
The beauty of oak, elm and maple,
  The gleam of the mountain ash.

Only when night is quiescent,
And studded with alien stars,
Loved faces seem at my casement,
To gaze through the vine wreathed bars.
Oh, hearts which once beat together,
Now wandering far and wide!
Oh, lives on Time's current drifting
Like seaweed out with the tide!
Oh, fondly loved in my own land!
I fold my hands in prayer,
That the dear good Father above us
May hasten our meeting there!

Speed soon through the glowing tropics,
Brave ship that shall bear me home,
Right on, like a God-sent arrow,
Through tempest, and wave, and foam;
Then back, through the unseen girdle,
That circles the rolling earth,
Till again shall blaze on thy compass,
The lode-star over the North,
That the winds of the hills may greet me,
That my fotsteps again may roam,
In the land of my heart's devotion,
The land of my childhood's home!

Pernambuco, Brazil, July, 1880.

MY HELMSMAN

By MRS. MARY E. THROPP CONE

FROM our balcony, facing the sea, at Pernambuco, I loved to watch the curious, danger-defying little catamarans, or Brazilian jagandas.

Catamaran in Portuguese means "tied trees." It is a small, narrow craft, usually 5 x 15 feet, made of a porous palm, light as cork, called "pau de jaganda." It has a white lateen-sail and is manned by two fishermen—one at the prow, the other at the stern—and is sunk by their weight to the level of the water, so that at a little distance the men seem to be walking on the sea.

On the rude seat, a tripod fastened in the stern, sits the owner, a sort of monarch of all he surveys, absolutely fearless though at the mercy of wind and wave, while at the prow of

the audacious little craft stands the helmsman, alert, powerful, steering so skilfully that, however high the waves, the jaganda is lifted to mount the swell and ride safely over the billows.

No matter what the weather and when all other boats are useless, these fishermen fearlessly launch their jagandas and venture many miles out to sea.

Every morning a score of them could be seen from our front windows, far out toward the horizon, skipping and dancing about like a flock of white-winged birds on the sunny blue of the ocean. But more than once I have been chilled with horror to see one of them run down by some huge steamer, and while still gazing speechless with distress, lo! and behold! the indomitable little craft would suddenly bob up behind the ship, helmsman and steersman both safe, dripping but undaunted, and after righting themselves go serenely on their way as if nothing had happened.

To me the jagandas were always interesting, and nothing seemed so typical of the lonely human soul on the sea of life as this simple, singular structure, contrived by the Brazilian Indians to traverse the waters of their coasts, hundreds of years ago.

Afar and afloat on life's treacherous sea
In its buoyant ~~jaganda~~ my spirit sails free—
A waif on the waters when billows o'erwhelm.
I mount and I conquer—my Lord's at the helm.

Great ships plow the ocean, they little heed thee,
My dauntless jaganda, least craft on the sea—
Borne down by them often I'm lifted again,
And steered, safely steered, by the Lord of the main.

Swept down in the eddy, engulfed in black night,
I cry to my Helmsman in agonized fright—
His strong arm sustains me, His soothing reply
Is balm to my spirit, "Fear not, it is I."

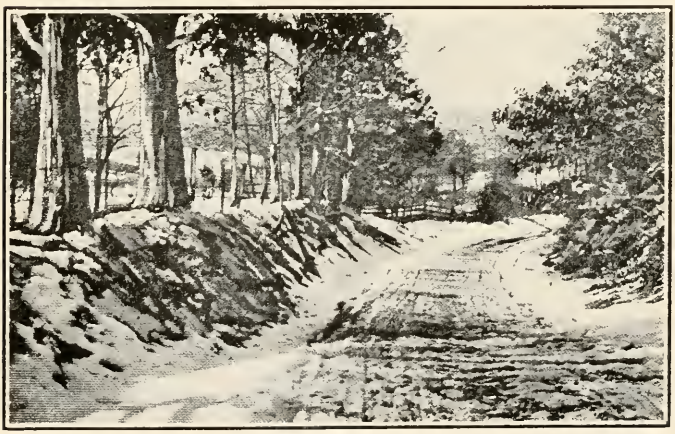
So, whether in tempests, when heavy gales blow,
And o'er my jaganda the huge billows flow,
Or, whether in sunshine on seas blue and fair,
What matter, my soul, if thy Helmsman be there?

Though its bosom be surging, far down in the deep,
The ocean lies calm as an infant asleep—
Come storm then, and cyclone, let loose the wild sea,
There is peace, perfect peace, for the mind stayed on Thee.

Oil City, Pa.

Jangada x

FORT HUNTINGTON, VALLEY FORGE, FROM THE SOUTH.



THE LONG ENTRENCHMENT, MOUNT JOY, VALLEY FORGE.

MY PRAYER

Published in the *Christian Herald*, January 16, 1895.

By MRS. MARY E. THROPP CONE

"Cast all your cares upon Him, for he careth for you."

CARE, O, my Father, take
Of this frail life of mine,
Deal with me as thou wilt,
And make me wholly thine.

Fighting the war of life,
With weary heart and brain,
Dear Father, in this world of strife,
Do thou my soul sustain.

Take, O, my Father, take
This wayward heart of mine,
I can not give it thee,
But thou canst make it thine.

Thou only, Lord, canst know,
Thou only, Lord, canst see
How hard the struggle is beneath
Tho' calm the surface be.

Nothing but perfect faith,
And love of thy sweet will,
Can ~~lift~~ whisper me from the deep,
And bid me: "Peace, be still!"

Care thou! I will not care
Nor ask with troubled mind,
About my future here,
Teach me to be resigned.

Care for me all my life,
Care thou for me and mine—
Almighty Father, gracious, good,
Care thou for all of thine.

THE NEGLECTED MONUMENT OF VALLEY FORGE

From the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* July 21, 1882.

To the Editor of the Inquirer:

EAR SIR:—Back again to Valley Forge, after having visited Holyrood and Westminster, Versailles and the Vatican, the Forum and the Coliseum; after having threaded the silent streets of Pompeii, and sailed up the lonely Amazon; and I have seen no spot in the Old World or the New, so dear, so delightful, or so interesting to me as Valley Forge, with its sacred memories, its hallowed associations.

"Tell us about the Valley Forge; describe it," strangers have so often said to me abroad; and I have answered: Nearly a score of miles up the Schuylkill River from Philadelphia, a narrow stream leaves the fertile valley of Chester, and winding northward, cuts a deep ravine through its western mountain range, almost a mile in length; emerges, widens, and passes through a small village, empties its clear flood into the Schuylkill. As this stream affords a noble water power, the early colonists built near its lake-like mouth a factory, rows of houses on both banks and a forge, and the place was known as Valley Forge.

Tradition tells us that William Penn bought this lovely valley from Wingbone, the chief of the Leni Lenape Indians; and that one day while prospecting on the south side he lost his way. After wandering about some time in great perplexity he crossed the valley, and, on gaining the summit of the opposite hill, he was rejoiced to see the familiar Schuylkill winding toward his beloved city of Philadelphia; that he named the hill on which he stood Mount Joy, and the one he had recently left Mount Misery. Along the table land of Mount Joy stretches an encampment ground, marked by a redoubt, the foundations of a fort or two, and here and there a nameless mound beneath which the remains of private soldiers repose. Very simple all this. Nevertheless every inch of this soil is hallowed ground, baptized with patriot blood and consecrated to freedom. Yes, this encampment ground has been the theatre of events great and memorable in the ages to come, when we of to-day shall be laid low and the memory of us shall have perished from the earth; for this spot witnessed the turning point of the American Revolution, and without Valley Forge there would have been no independence for the American people.

After having been beaten at Brandywine, suffering massacre at Paoli and defeat at Germantown, we were to be slowly starved into submission at Valley Forge. How little the British, luxuriating in Philadelphia, understood the heroes waiting and watching and starving behind those intrenchments. In the log huts of this encampment ground were developed the unconquerable will, the undying determination never to submit or yield, that proved to England and the world that Americans could not be subdued. Sublime, the great hearts ready to break of those uncomplaining soldiers, with that mighty spirit under their hunger-worn ribs, standing barefoot in the snow; squalid, sad, but invincible, working their sure way through storm and darkness to victory over the most powerful nation of modern Europe. For it was here during the weary months of the terrible winter of 1777-78, that the Continental Army received that training and discipline which enabled it to cope ever after with the veterans of Great Britain.

Think of that poor, defeated army, with the successful enemy triumphing near, ridiculing, traducing, tempting them; abandoned by Congress, with suffering families weeping for their return; no help, no hope. Despairing but indomitable, they could do and die, those faithful guardians of liberty; great in life, surpassingly great in death. The impartial page of history has recorded what armies dare and do for conquest; but Valley Forge has proved to the world a fortitude in camp superior to bravery in battle, a steadfastness to principle more powerful than enthusiasm, and a devotion to freedom sublime in its self-abnegation.

But do we of to-day realize what a heritage they have bequeathed to us, those martyr heroes? The growth of the United States is unparalleled in history. The vastness of their extent, their resources, are they not a wonder to the world? Our marvelous land, bounded by oceans; its lakes, like lesser oceans; its mighty rivers of fabulous length; its varied climate, from iceberg and glacier to torrid desert; its interminable mountain ranges, its fertile valleys, its unimagined and unimaginable wealth and beauty—a land as fair as the garden of the Lord; a delightful land is this, the American fatherland.

Morally, it is based on the vantage ground of liberty and equality. It promotes the elevation of the human race; it educates the emigrants from all nations in honesty and virtue; it inculcates industry and expels foreign prejudices by the force of advancing intelligence. It provides for the rising generations of Europe and America a shelter and home under "a government of the people and by the people." The wonderful American people! Composed of many races merged into one; active, able, full of enterprise and force, acting with the power of a myriad of giants, speaking one language, living

under one flag, bound by common ties and interests, and inspired by one common feeling of patriotism.

But why am I here writing to-day? Is it solely to recount the praises of American heroes and their mighty achievements? Then would my pen have ample scope in narrating the recent sacrifices, defeats and victories in the conflict for the Union, for the world never saw more unselfish or truer patriotism. Is it to boast of our national greatness? This is unnecessary, for who would not be an American citizen and claim a home in these United States? No; as I sit here on Mount Joy to-day, my heart is full of gratitude to the Valley Forge heroes who sacrificed themselves for our freedom. Can we, their heirs, fail to honor those marvelous men who laid the foundations broad and deep upon which has been erected this magnificent Republic with its fifty millions of freemen? Is it within the compass of human thought to dwell upon our present greatness and forget those to whom we are indebted for it? Is there any other spot between the Atlantic and Pacific of which Americans have greater reason to be proud than the encampment ground of Valley Forge? Surely the virtues here displayed deserve to be remembered with as much gratitude and admiration as the more brilliant but less difficult achievements of Bennington, Monmouth and Yorktown. True, we have had parades, encampments and celebrations here; but these, however imposing, are ephemeral, never, except at the Centennial, satisfying public expectation; and hence, perhaps the apathy of the people so much complained of, so disgraceful.

It can not be generally known that there is nothing here to commemorate the courage, the fidelity that kept those devoted troops from flinching before hunger and cold, and nakedness and disease, week after week, month after month, with a fortitude and patience unparalleled in history. It can not be, for we are not an ungrateful nor an ungenerous people. If the press generally would call attention to this fact we should have a response from Maine to Mexico. The people, if aroused, would consider it a privilege to erect a monument in honor of those extraordinary men, unspeakably brave and true—true through a whole winter of perplexity, of doubt, distress and danger; brave hearts in weary bodies, covered by rags and soiled garments, those dear, inimitable Continentals! We have no rich memory with thankfulness to which they are not entitled; we have no praise rich with reverence that is not due to them.

God grant that my countrymen may pause in the pursuit of wealth long enough to consider this one blot of ingratitude on their otherwise perfect escutcheon, and in set oration and address do honor to the illustrious dead of Valley Forge, hold up preeminently those ideals of patriotism, determined at last to worthily honor the memory of those mighty architects who

constructed for us so strong and well the indestructible pillars of liberty, equality and fraternity, supporting the superb superstructure of the North American Republic.

MARY E. THROPP CONE.

Valley Forge, July, 1882.

THE NAMELESS GRAVE OF VALLEY FORGE

(Published in the Chester *Daily Republican.*)

By MRS. MARY E. THROPP CONE

SUBLIME in suffering, waiting was to do,
Oh, lion hearts of long ago!
Starving in cold and frozen camp,
Praying on blood-stained snow;
Till weary with the hope deferred,
Some waited not the coming day;
But overtaxed, by suffering spent,
The silver cord gave way.

Once more, after years of absence and travel in foreign lands, I stand on the summit of Mount Joy and look down on the lovely Valley of my birth again.

The glorious events of other days, when men starved, and froze, and died for Freedom, pass before me in retrospection, as the days of the Revolution return.

Oh, if these old trees could speak, if these beautiful wild laurels that grow on the same spot where they blossomed a century ago could but testify, what marvelous tales of bravery, suffering and endurance would they not unfold, to what traditions would they not certify, and with what intense interest we Americans would listen to the record. But this may not be. Fancy shall people this fair scene for us, and we will gaze with unquestioning belief on the panorama she bids pass before us. It was the morning of some such day as this, a bright May morning, and the day appointed for a sham-battle, to revive the flagging spirits of the half-famished soldiers of Valley Forge.

There was the fair field prepared; seats were arranged for the spectators and there the lists made ready for the gallant combatants. There, around the tents occupied by officers and men, hung the battle-flags of the Continental Army, glittering in their various emblazonry against the morning sun;

and here the gay costumes, the graceful plumes, and the fluttering of embroidered banners were reflected in the quiet streams.

What does the quiet stream reflect now? The clouds drifting over the untroubled heaven, and the graceful swaying of the willow-wands; but, as in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man; and amongst that company were some features which the varied course of a hundred years has not altered. Human hearts were there; there was the throb of ambition, the bound of pride, the thrill of patriotism, such as man's heart feels now, and oh, deeper, tenderer feelings, the quiet bliss of requited affection, the love of a happy heart was there. For there in the midst of her friends under a canopy gallantry had prepared for the ladies, the admiration of her circle, the belle of the Valley, sat the gentle maiden Isabel.

Her robe, closely fitting her delicate figure, was of cream-colored satin, fringed with gold and embroidered with lilies of the valley. The circlet round her slender waist, glistening with pearls, was clasped with ornaments of wrought gold. Priceless lace bordered her snowy neck and arms, and a cluster of moss rosebuds reposed on her modest bosom.

All that love could do to add grace to a perfect form and to arrange round a bewitching face the soft profusion of sunny hair, which indeed little needed such affectionate device, had been done that morning; and the eyes of the young officers, as they galloped to and fro, in preparation, loved to linger on the fair picture, and even the stern faces of elderly commanders softened with involuntary admiration as they bared their stately heads to beauty.

Charming Isabel! How her sweet face flushed as her handsome young soldier rode up to greet her, doffing his cap, and bending low to his saddle bow in loyal homage before her. Modest little maiden! for his sake only was she there, for his sake only was she so daintily adorned, well pleased for his sake to find herself so fair. Alas, for Isabel, the happy hearted! Well for her that bright morning that her violet eyes could not penetrate the future, and see herself, how very soon, clad in the black habilments of woe, weeping over the low grave, in which all her hopes were buried—the gentle, the beautiful, the heart-broken Isabel!

But we need no diversion, my reader, having experienced no such winter of privation and suffering as the emaciated soldiers, so I shall not stop to review the evolutions of that sham battle, even in imagination. Let that scene pass. Turn we to a later in the historic panorama. Let us descend the mountain, skirt the stream, cross the fields, enter the forest, and seat ourselves for a few moments on this mound under the leafy boughs of the overhanging trees. You will ask me,

perhaps, what is the age of this mound, and who placed this gray stone here at its head? And why is it alone here, on the edge of the forest, which stretches westward over the Valley hill called Mount Misery?

Tradition tells us of a soldier who, dying in camp, begged to be buried in the forest that overlooked his lady's home. So those who stood around his bed acquiesced, and after they had heard his last sigh, closed his eyes, straightened his limbs and wrapped him round with the flag his life had honored, they set off, in dark and melancholy procession, bearing him over the fields and hills westward, a weary way, till they came to this forest, and here they halted, and after the prayer had been said and the requiem sung, they covered him in under this low mound and placed a stone at its head, the only one remaining.

What is there in that nameless stone,
With lichen and with moss o'ergrown,
  That bids thee, traveler, stay?
No sculptor's art with choicest care
Has traced Corinthian beauty there,
  Why tarry on thy way?

The sun that wilts our autumn flowers,
Has seen a race as brave as ours,
  Now to their graves gone by.
And yon rude stone bids memory tell
How from the bower of Isabel,
  Her soldier went to die.

She stood at his side in her pleasant bower,
  The gentle Isabel;—
(An iris gleamed in the sunbeam's shower.)
Sweet, pale, yet bright as that trembling flower
  As he kissed her a last farewell!
The maiden gazed on his love-lit eye,
  Unconscious Isabel!
On his noble forehead, pale and high,
While his sunk cheek flushed and told silently
  He bade her a last farewell!

Paler his cheek in the chilly air
  His brilliant eye grew dim,
His comrades smoothed the clustering hair,
  And composed the weary limb.

For vainly the skilful leech had striven
  To lengthen his life's short day;
Starvation his patient soul had riven.
  And the slow pulse ebbed away.

And "Thanks," he said, for the stealthy tear,
And "Thanks" for the cheering tone;
"Yet I would not rest, my comrades, here
But near Isabel, my own.

"As ye would rest with your fathers brave,
Would sleep where your mothers lie,
For His sake, who only our souls can save,
Bear me back to her to die.

"It may not be this fluttering heart,
This sinking—this faintness tell—
Comrades, pray for the soul that must part,
And the corse bear to Isabel."

From camp to Heaven! In another moon,
Whilst the gloaming was chill and gray,
Forth was the worn-out body borne,
And the long train moved away.

They wound along the river's sweep,
Through valley and upland fair,
Till they came to the forest's shadow deep
And silently halted there.

Through the damp dark boughs gleamed a single light
From the lattice of Isabel;
They laid him down in his dreamless night
Near the lady he loved so well!

Oh, silent anguish of hero-hearts,
Enduring, the great, and brave!
We live to enjoy their priceless gifts—
They rest in a nameless grave!

Ah, little they recked of fame and power,
Who starved to set men free;
And bore, like the Nazarene, their cross
In the cause of humanity.

Valley Forge.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF VALLEY FORGE

(From the Boston *Transcript,* December 15, 1882.)

LEST be the flowers that freely blow
In this neglected spot;
Anemone, with leaves of snow,
And blue forget-me-not.
God's laurels weave their classic wreath,
Their pale pink blossoms wave
O'er lowly mounds, where rest beneath
Our soldiers in their grave.

In white and gold the daisies shine
All o'er Encampment Hill;
There wild rose and the columbine
Lift glistening banners still.
Here plumy ferns, an emerald fringe,
Adorn our stream's bright way;
And soft grass whence the violet springs,
With fragrant flowers of May.

Oh, there's a spell around these blooms
Owned by no rarer flowers!
They blossom on our martyrs' tombs,
And they shall bloom on ours.
To us, as to our sires, their tone
Breathes forth the same glad strain:
"We spring to life when winter's gone
And ye shall rise again."

Uncultured round our path they grow,
Smile up before our tread
To cheer, as they did long ago,
Our noble-hearted dead.
Arbutus in the sheltering wood
Sighs, "Here he came to pray,"
And pansies whisper, "Thus we stood
When heroes passed away."

Thus every wild flower's simple leaf
Breathes in my native vale
To conscious hearts some record brief,
Some true and touching tale.
Wealth's gay parterre in glory stands:—
I own their foreign claims,
Those gorgeous flowers from other lands,
Rare plants with wondrous names.

Ye blossomed in our martyrs' fields,
Beneath the warm spring's sun,
Sprung from the turf where lowly kneeled
My matchless Washington.
Ye in our childhood's garden grew,
Our sainted mother's bowers;
My grateful heart beats high to you,
My own wild valley flowers!

MARY E. THROPP CONE.

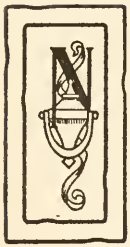
Valley Forge, Pa.

The dew and the sunshine, the grass and the flowers all silently emulate each other in beautifying these mounds, intent on rescuing from oblivion the neglected dead of the Revolution at Valley Forge.

THE SENTINEL OF VALLEY FORGE

By MRS. MARY E. THROPP CONE

"Faithful Unto Death."



IGHT darkened o'er their camp, a bitter night in winter,
Behind the woods had sunk the dull, red, clouded sun,
Scarce crimsoning in its departing glow the mountains
That echoed to the booming of the evening gun.
Mount Joy's encampment now is hushed and lonely,
A winding sheet of snow, o'er all the upland spread,
Calm, starry eyes gaze from the moonless heaven,
Orion, Sirius, Mars, the tireless watch o'erhead.
The weary army sleeps, the camp is still and lonely,
On the long lines of huts, on swords, on lances,
And on the pyramids of muskets stacked around
Only the fitful light of dying watch-fire dances.
Above the cold, relentless sky, and wide and white below
The solitary field, one figure moving to and fro.

"This is my beat," the sentinel said,
With shouldered musket and resolute tread,
As he stepped away in his martial grace,
The bright locks framing his handsome face:
"Heimgang," the password stern Steuben gave,
"The Briton that crosses this beat will be brave,
No other Paoli, my Comrades, dread,
They'll murder you only when I am dead.

What matter if lonesome as Jacob to-night,
Visions shall visit me, like Jacob's bright;
Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We'll stand by our country however it blow."

Long hours of cold intense. Brave guard for that poor army,
He feels his host in him invincible, forlorn,
Too great to brood o'er Brandywine and Germantown,
Implores his God to hasten Freedom's blessed morn.
The drear encampment now is weird and lonely,
Dead are the fires, the midnight hour has come—
What God-like strength of soul grows in the icy torture
With sense of utmost duty firmly, nobly done!
But now comes creeping through the ghostly silence,
A foe unseen, with stealthy step and bated breath;
Creeping in shadow of the unsuspecting soldier,
His dread pursuer gains, the conqueror, Death.

Arouse! awake, he cries, the sentry must not sleep—
O'er all his drowsiness, what lovely pictures creep!
The lowly, white-walled home in sea of prairie green,
Afar the skirting woods, beyond the river's sheen,
Close by the casement reads my noble, white-haired sire,
The dear old mother listening, sits knitting by the fire.
Between, my orphan girl, her shining needle plies,
Lifting anon to each her sweet, serious eyes.
My darling, when the conflict's o'er, thou'lt welcome me with joy,
For only when our Freedom's won, thou'lt see thy soldier boy.
Thank God, they can not see him now, half frozen, tortured, ill,
Pacing his weary, ceaseless round on this inclement hill.

Still flow fair visions round him, such as keep
Watch, faithful Sentinel, o'er thy freezing sleep.
Beauty was there with Spring's fresh roses crowned,
Her curls loose floating and her zone unbound,
Her white feet glancing in the pure moonlight,
Her sweet voice singing to the listening night.
Hither, descending with bright wings unfurled,
Came Hope, triumphant, from a fairer world.
And mighty Strength on massive club reclined,
And Joy, whose bounding feet outstrip the wind,
And hark! Fame's trumpet blast,
As round and on a shadowy pageant passed.

High beat his heart, exulting at the sound,
Wide threw his ragged cloak, high swung his cap around.
Sortie! Hurrah! See the curving sweep of Greene!
There goes the Chief, his grave, grand face serene,

See Muhlenberg and Maxwell, Sullivan and Wayne;
And there with Weedon, Bland and Poor, goes sceptic Paine.
See Huntington and Patterson, Scott, Knox, the rest,
How gallantly they ride their chargers four abreast!
How black their plumes and steeds, how pale their faces gleam!
A whirlwind down the long Gulf road their phantom coursers stream:
O'er thee, my Country, they shall pour the tide of Liberty,
And thou shalt take thy central stand to set earth's millions free.

He sleeps, the blood suspends its course in that heroic breast,
Brave soul and beautiful, ascending from the mountain crest!
The weary soldier ceased his tramp, succumbed *erect,* at length,
And passed from camp to Heaven in his unswerving spirit strength.
'Twas thus they found him, the relieving guard, at one,
With wind-swept rippling locks around his brow of stone,
An arm uplifted, and his blue eyes open, shining fair
With all the visions of his soul in beauty frozen there;
For a strange gladness filled the lustrous dying eyes,
Which seemed to see revealed the gates of Paradise,
Gazing afar beyond all battle, suffering, sin,
Unclosing for his weary, wounded feet to enter in.

One martyr of the many! Save heights of Palestine,
No other spot so sacred on this earth,
"The Valley of the shadow." Through death, new life.
'Twas Valley Forgia's anguish gave the nation birth.
The lone encampment ground, ignored, is holy.
There sleep her saviors on our country's breast.
No bronze records the throes of that Gethsemane,
No marble marks the low mounds where they rest,
Heroes surpassing those of European story,
Whose patient courage made ~~all~~ kingdoms fall;
Not Albion's hosts, not Gaulian, Grecian, Roman,
E'er won a heritage so glorious for all.

(Mrs. Cone's "Sentinel" was written and read at the request of the Montgomery Historical Society, February 22, 1883, at Norristown, Pa., and was re-read by Professor Francis Lee Lyburger, at the 125th anniversary, June 19, 1903, at Valley Forge. Meantime, a man named Hart took possession of it, transposed it into prose, changed its name to "The Sleeping Sentinel at Valley Forge," published it in pamphlet form, and sold it at ten or fifteen cents a copy, so Mrs. Cone was informed by General Fisher, of Valley Forge. Hart even went so far as to insist on its being read as his own at the Anniversary, alleging that her "Sentinel" had been stolen from his. But the committee, consisting of Messrs. Charles Ramey, John O. K. Robarts and General Fisher, would not permit it, knowing that Mrs. Cone's "Sentinel" had been written about ten years before.)

MY HUSBAND

By MRS. MARY E. THROPP CONE

AM so weary I can do no more."
Putting aside the pen, and lying down,
Thy kind eyes closed in sleep, sweet sleep, no frown
Lined thy calm brow, but at the midnight hour
Springing erect, thy clear voice calling "Home!
Hasten! The last long journey, Dearest, come!"
Sinking back, thy spirit passed from cross to crown.
Meet close to thy white life of love, so fraught
With daily deeds for others' good, who taught
The secret art of true self-sacrifice
From heart too disciplined for taint or vice:
Strong for the right; brave, resolute of will
Tempered with patient sweetness, calm and still—
There is no death for thee, but change to Paradise.

Oil City, August 22, 1888.

FILIAL LOVE IN OIL CITY

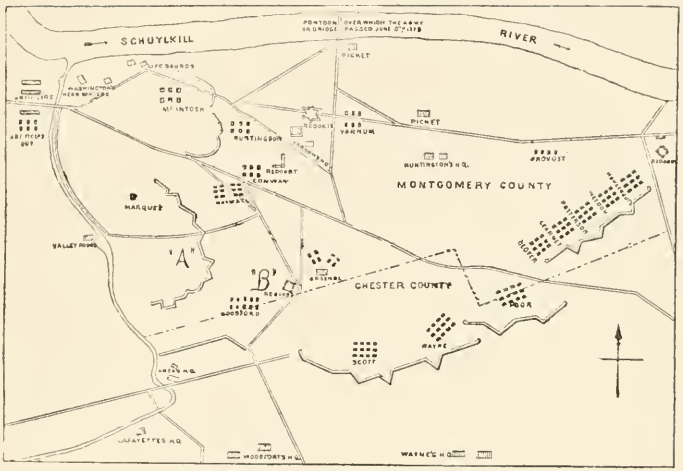
Published in the Oil City *Derrick*, June 8, 1892.

By MRS. MARY E. THROPP CONE

In the terrible calamity that visited Oil City, June 5, 1892, hundreds of instances of personal bravery and self-sacrifice are cited. John O'Leary, an express messenger, was found kneeling beside his mother's bed, who had been ill for some time. She was unable to move, and her son preferred death to leaving his mother to die alone.

SCAPE, my son, my darling son, oh haste thou must away!
Thy mother's useless life is spent, with her thou can'st not stay.
Oh, I had thought in death's dark hour to know that thou wert nigh
To cheer me on the dreaded road that leadeth to the sky.
But flood and flame are round us now; I can not move, my son;
But thou must live, for thou art young; farewell, my dearest one.

He kissed with tenderest love her lips, caressed her silver hair,
Then knelt beside his mother's bed and yielded life in prayer.
Whilst other men, heroic men, fought death for life that morn,
Relentless Death, who strode o'er all, triumphant through the storm.
Oh, they have shown for others' lives what men will dare and do;
We kneel in reverence by their biers, the tender, brave and true.



PLAN OF WORKS OF THE VALLEY FORGE ENCAMPMENT.

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